

CURTIS
DISTRIBUTED

formerly Young King Co.

CRIMINALS

ON THE RUN

CRIMINALS
ON THE RUN

10¢

Oct.-Nov.

VOL. 4 - NO. 3



ROARING
ACTION
IN THE
ALPS

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

COLE CLUES

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Here's a problem we think you'll find it fun to consider. How would you draw a story for the comics?

Here are some suggestions. First, you must decide how many pages the story is to be. Then, you must plan the pictures on each page. Remember, the pictures must be full of action, yet tell the story clearly. Also, all the action must not be in one section of the story, but throughout. A page should never be overcrowded with pictures.

Another problem of the artist is to make some reader want to read your story. The "splash" panels help an artist do this. The splash panel is the first picture in a story. In this picture, the artist tries to give the reader an idea of the story without giving away too many details of the plot. Look to the right. The large picture is the splash panel for the "Young King Cole" strip.

Read our stories over again. Do you think our artists have done the best job possible in interpreting the story with pictures? Tell us which story you think is the best drawn. Then see if you can improve on the artwork in any of our stories.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

IDEAS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

I have just read CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. I thought it was very good except for "Inspector Klooze." He is so silly and does not make any sense. The rest of the stories are very good. I think it would be very nice if "Boitram the Boiglar" could have a story of his own.

A faithful reader,
Jeannette Meyers
Cleveland, Ohio

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN except for one story. That is "Larry Broderick, Detective." It has too many women in it. If you are going to have women in it, you should have one like "Toni Gayle." She's tops!

A very enthusiastic reader,
Bud Peiffer
Cripple Creek, Ohio

Toni Gayle now appears in GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. The next issue goes on sale September 15.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. I think "Larry Broderick" is wonderful because it is so interesting. But I like everybody in the magazine because it is printed the way I like it. The pages are never crowded and messed up.

A very faithful reader,
Jody Thomason
Bakersfield, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Do you remember when Raymond Simpson said that King Cole looked like a "sissy" wearing glasses? Well, I agree with him. But for my part he could continue wearing them if he grew a mustache. Then he'd look more he-manish. I, being an artist, drew one on him and he appeared to be more handsome and looked ten years older. Please try this and see for yourself. As for the rest of the stories, they're wonderful.

A monthly reader,
Milwyn Coleman
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Young King is a young man in his early twenties. We don't want him to look old, Milwyn.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN because there is no superman where bullets bounce off him or such stuff. And I like the "Cole Clues" page where you can read what the readers think of this book.

Sincerely,
Richard Battenhausen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like all the stories in CRIMINALS ON THE RUN comics. But I like "Young King Cole" best of all because it is so exciting and keeps you interested from the time you begin until you finish it.

I have three brothers that also like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN and can't wait until I get through with it each month.

A constant reader,
John Milligan
Lewelland, Tex.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

One day I was browsing around on a shelf of comic books and I couldn't find one that suited me. All of a sudden something attracted my attention. You guessed it! It was the cover of CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. That was just what I wanted. From that day on I have never missed one issue of this book containing "Young King Cole."

There isn't one story I don't enjoy reading, but what happened to "Homer K. Beagle"? In the April issue, you asked about "Dr. Drew" or "Dr. Doom." I would vote to keep "Dr. Drew."

Sincerely,
Joyce Young
Camden, N. J.

BUY U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

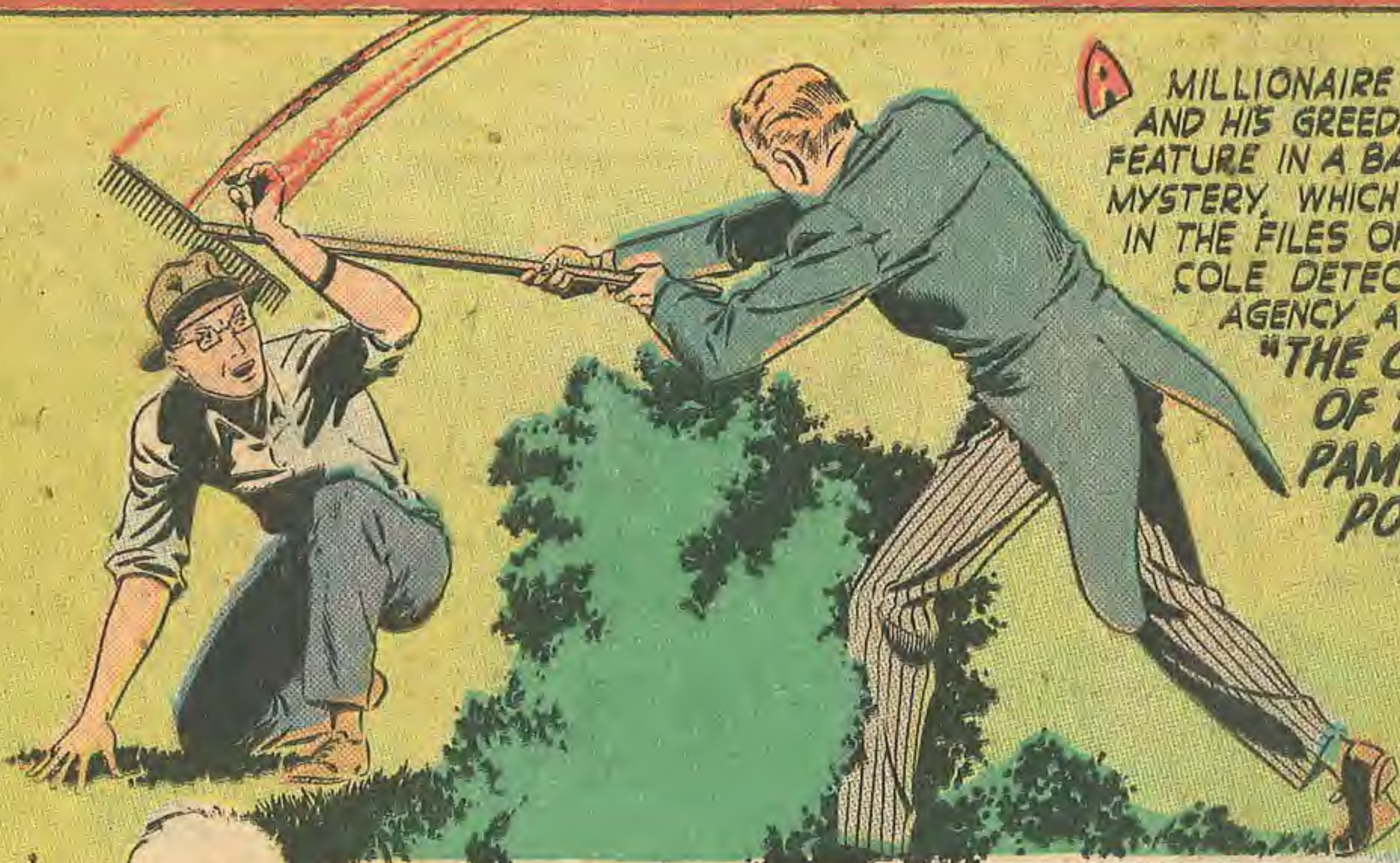
ADDRESS MAIL TO CRIMINALS ON THE RUN, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

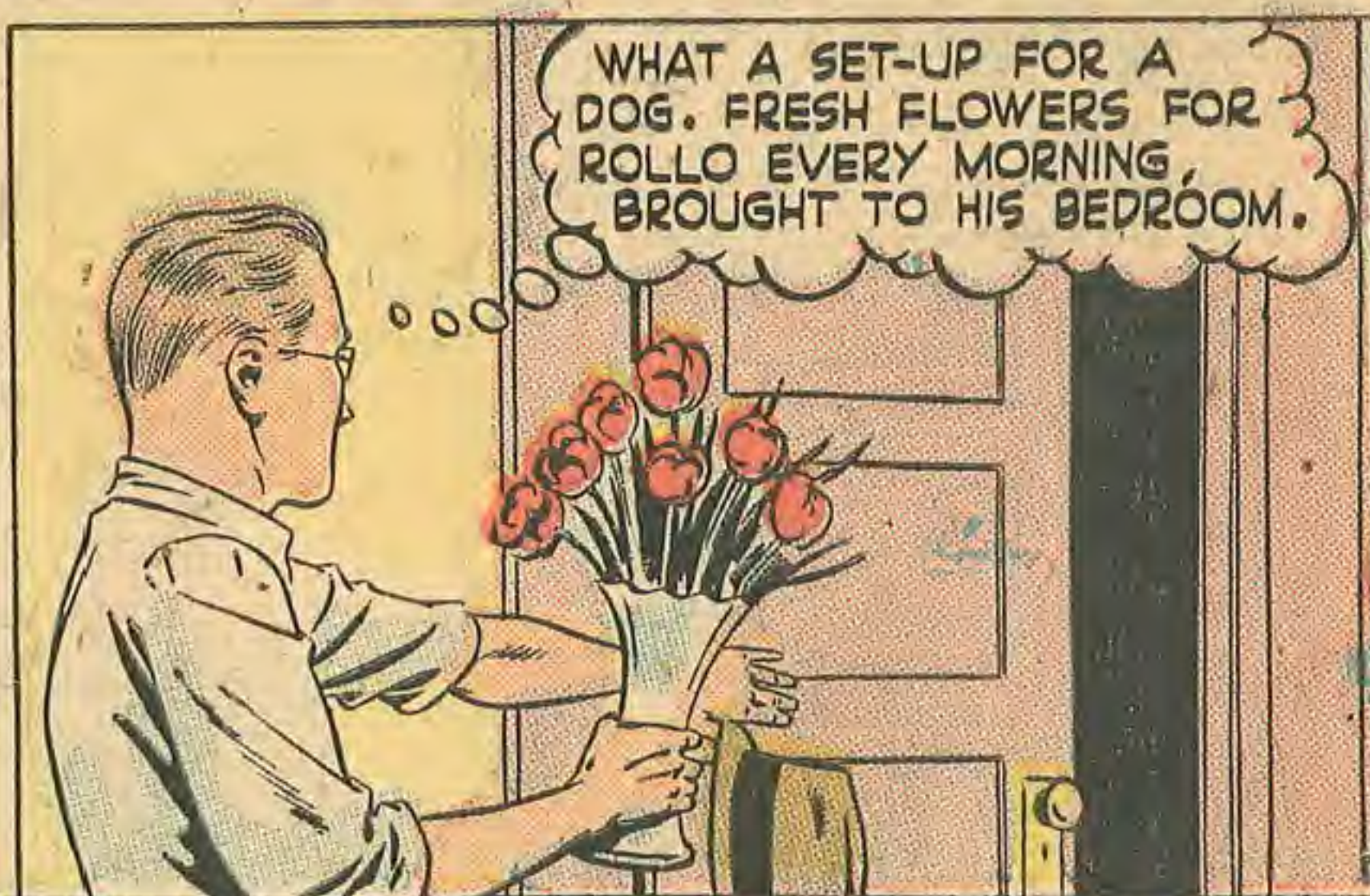


A MILLIONAIRE DOG
AND HIS GREEDY HEIRS
FEATURE IN A BAFFLING
MYSTERY, WHICH APPEARS
IN THE FILES OF THE
COLE DETECTIVE
AGENCY AS...
"THE CASE
OF THE
PAMPERED
POOCH!"



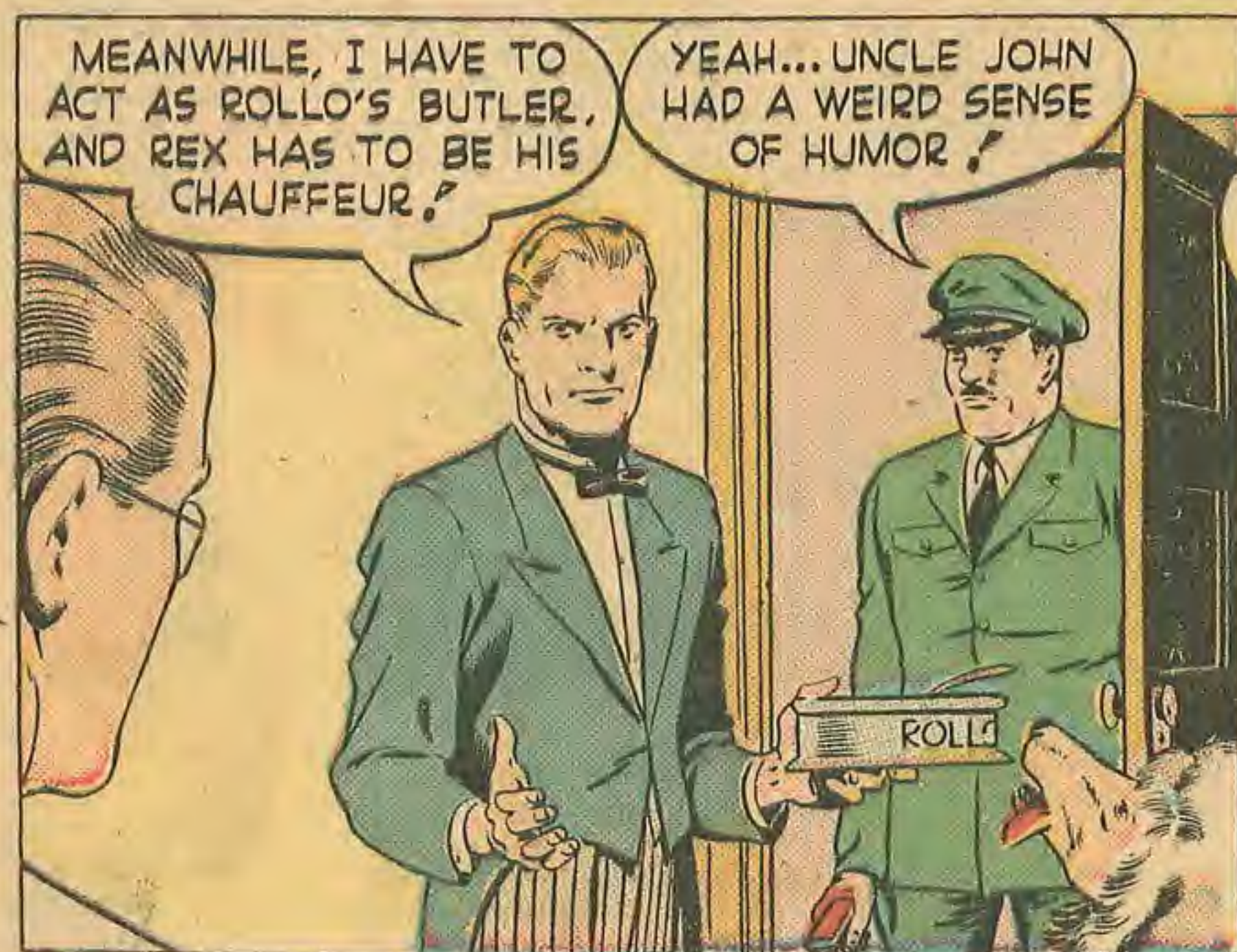
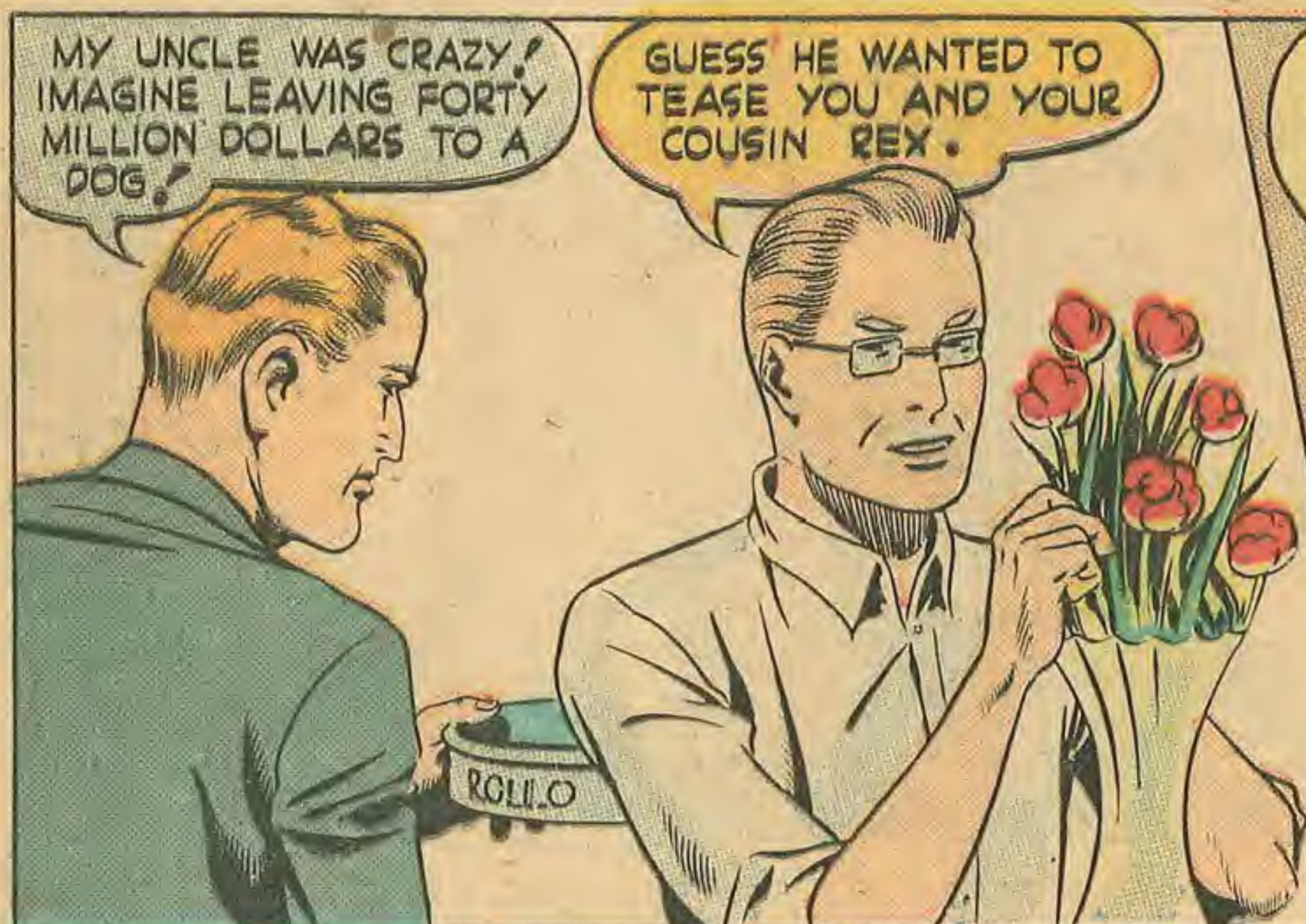
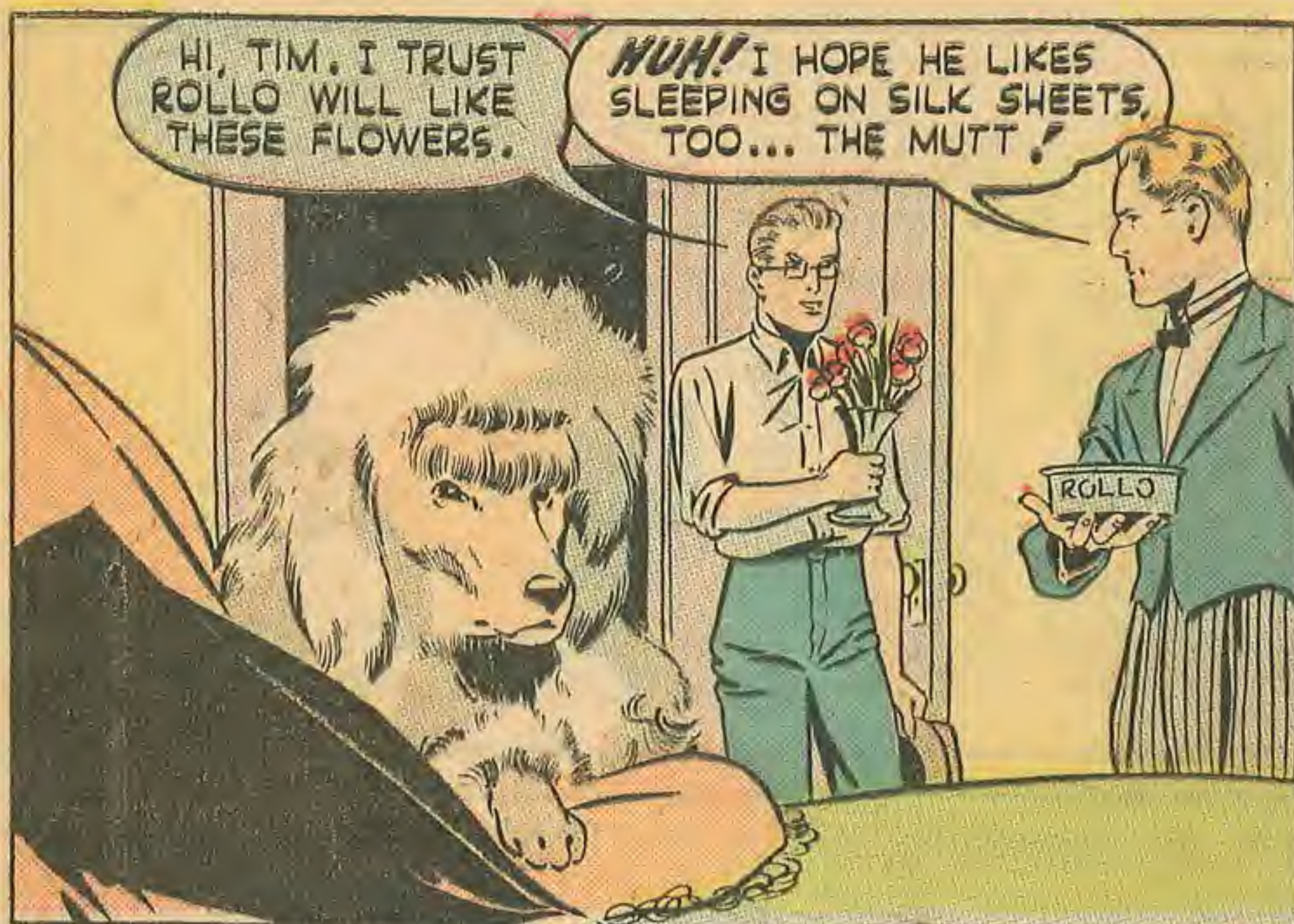
DISGUISED
AS A
GARDENER,
KING
WORKS
ON THE
PALATIAL
PERKINS
ESTATE!

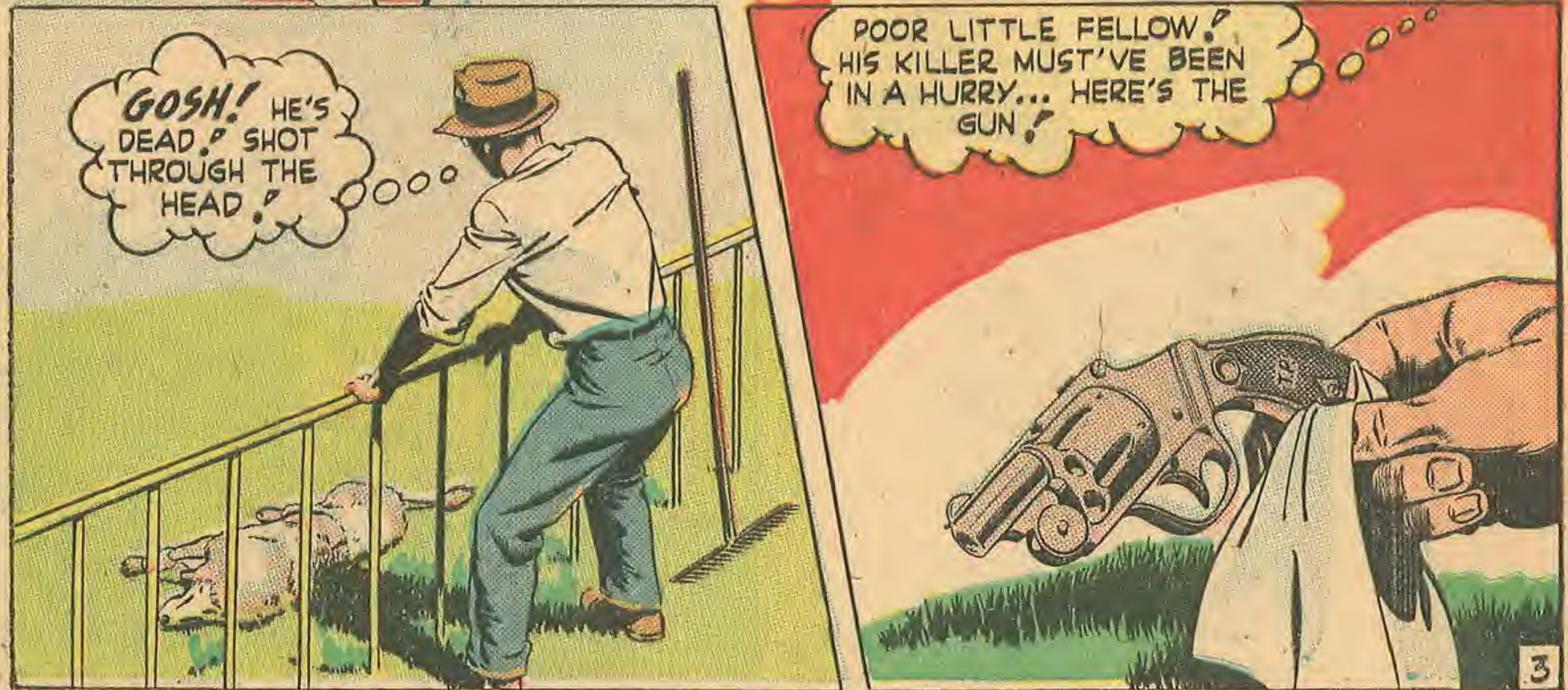
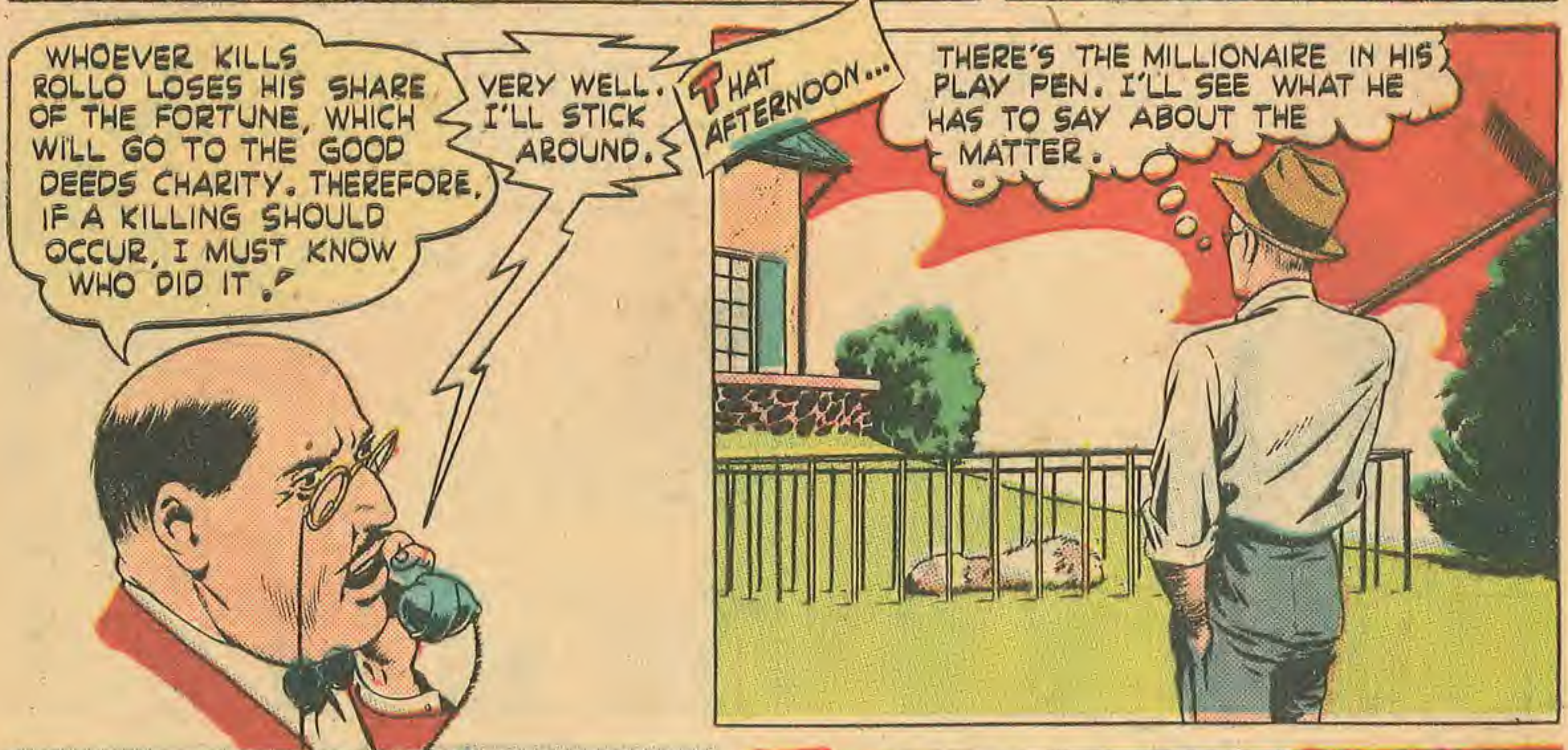
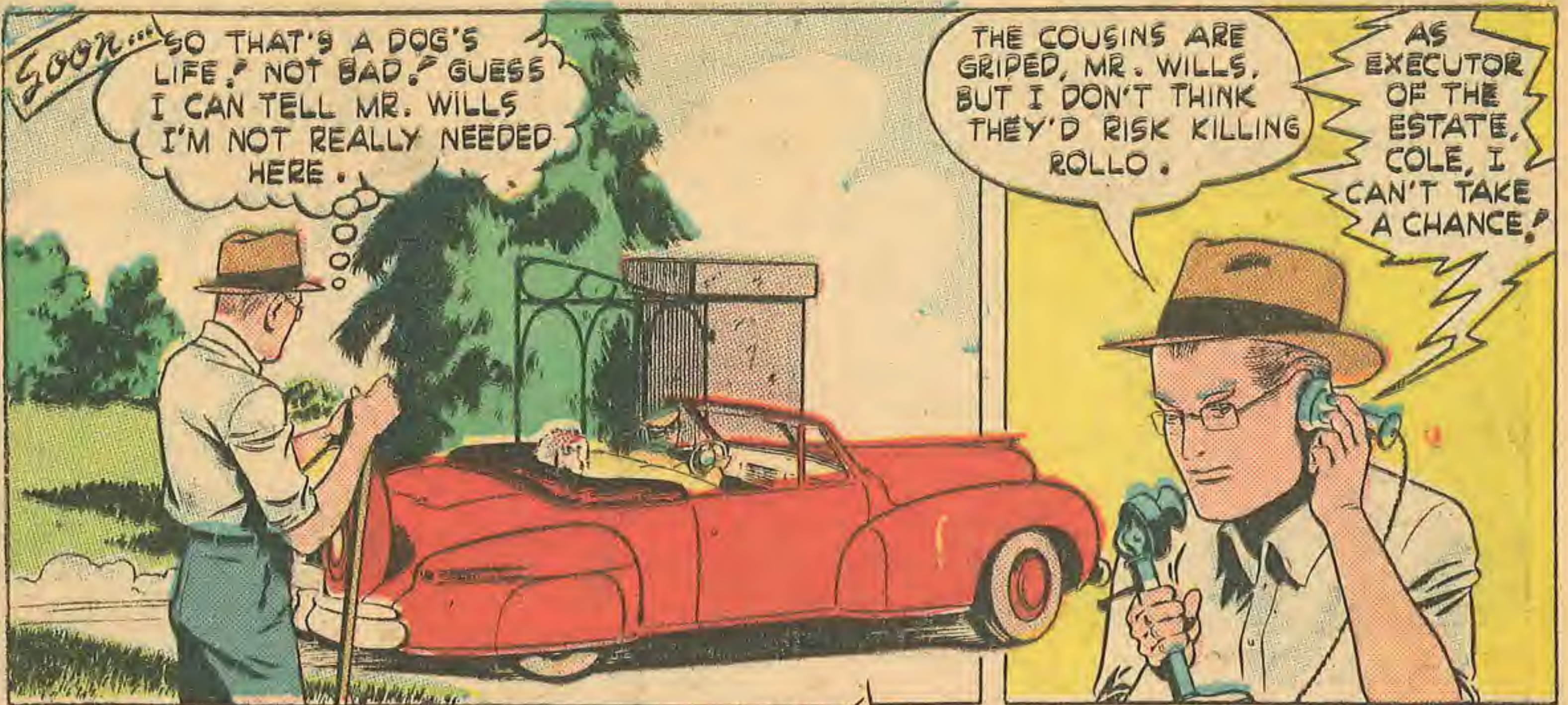
Drawings by
A. McWilliam

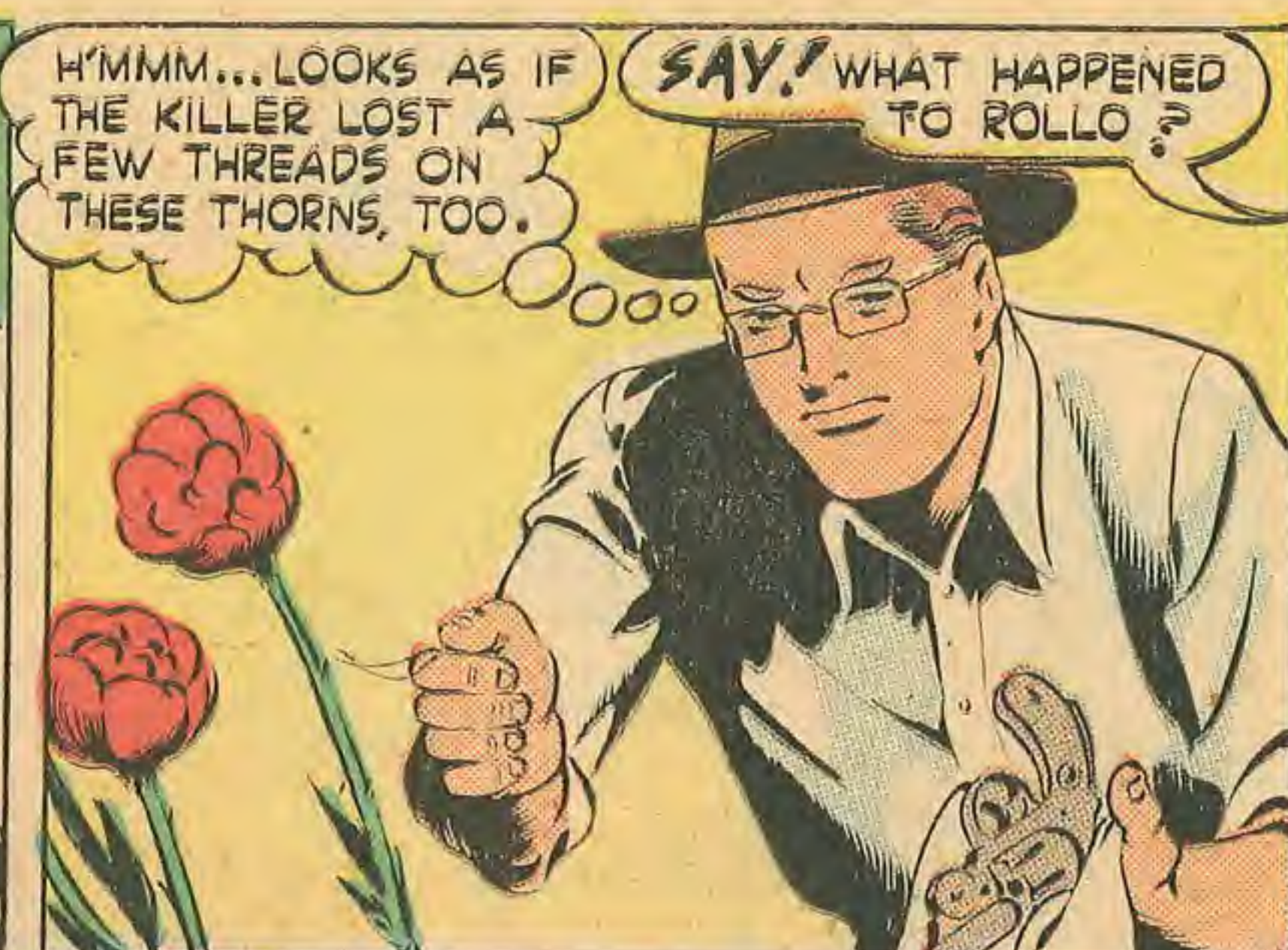


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

CRIMINALS ON THE RUN (formerly "Young King Cole"), Vol. 4, No. 3, Oct.-Nov., 1948, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P.O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (6 issues) in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 20, 1946, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

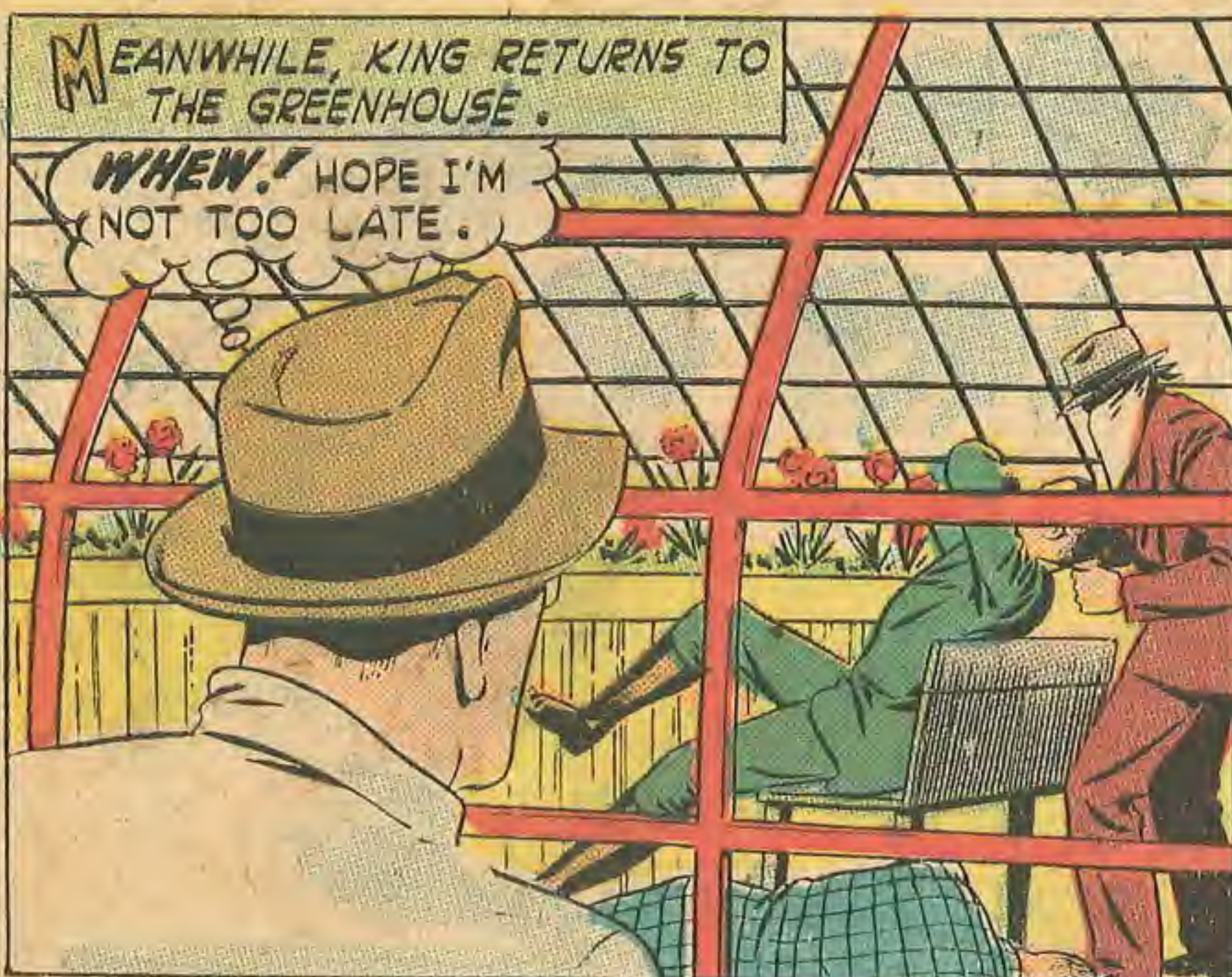
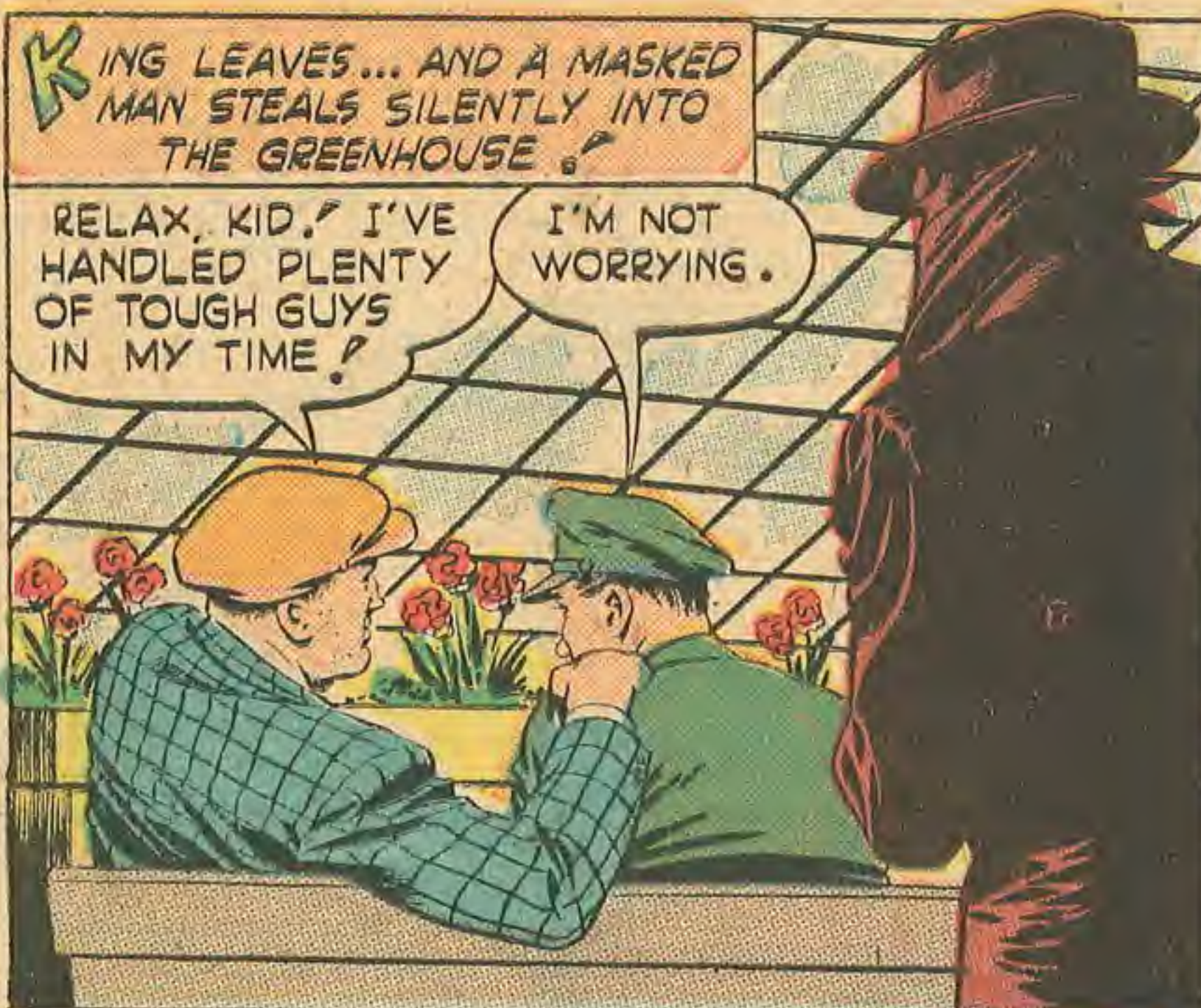




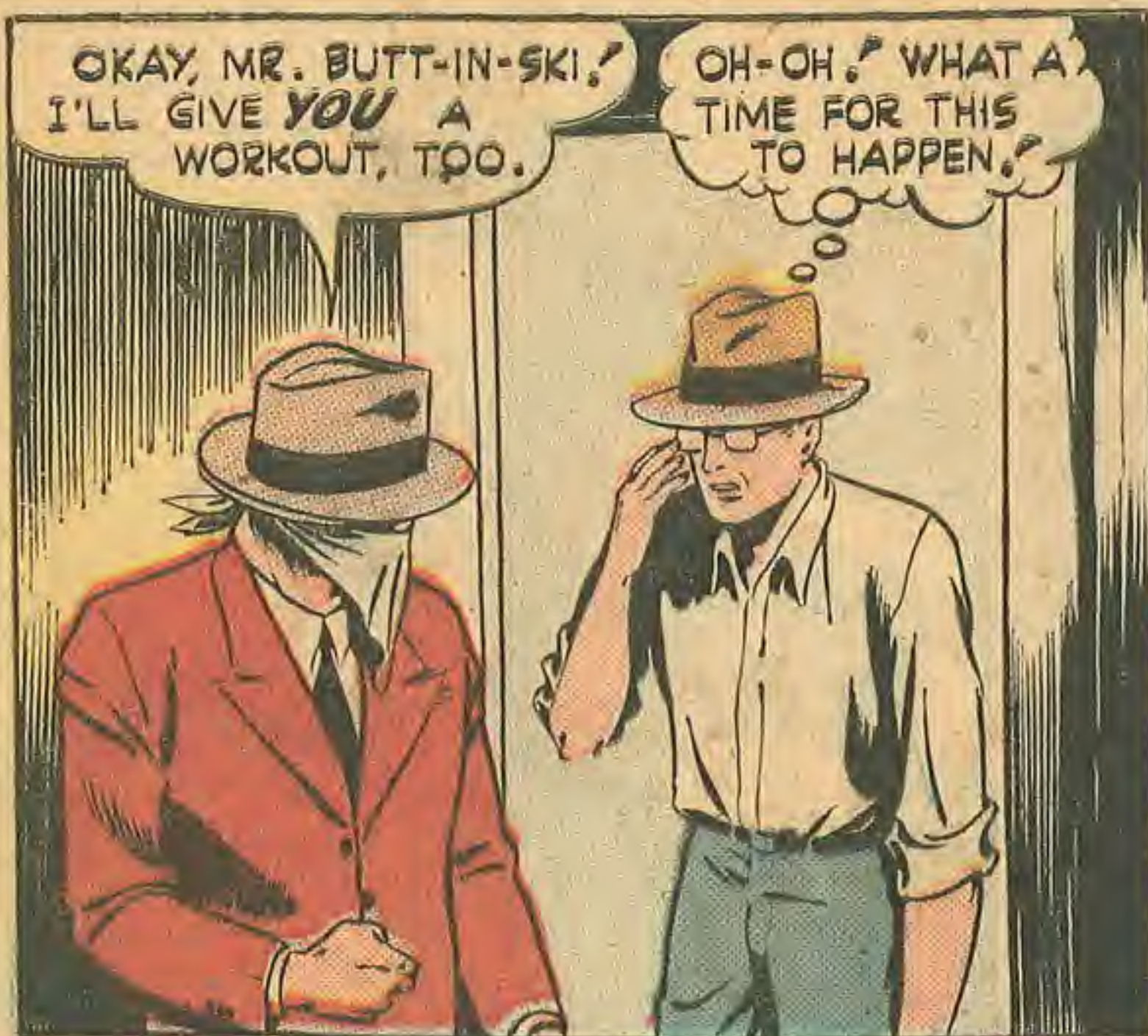




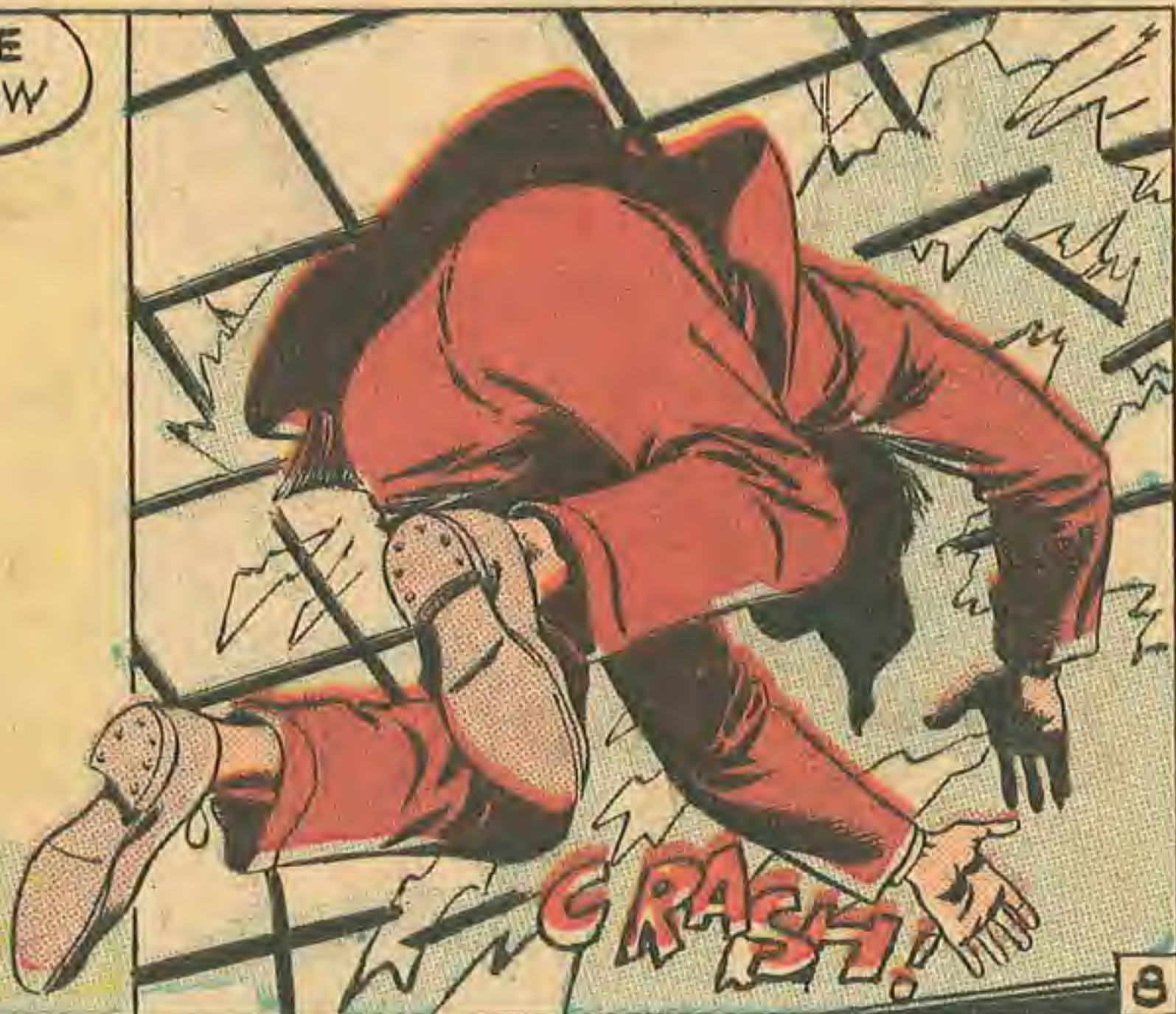




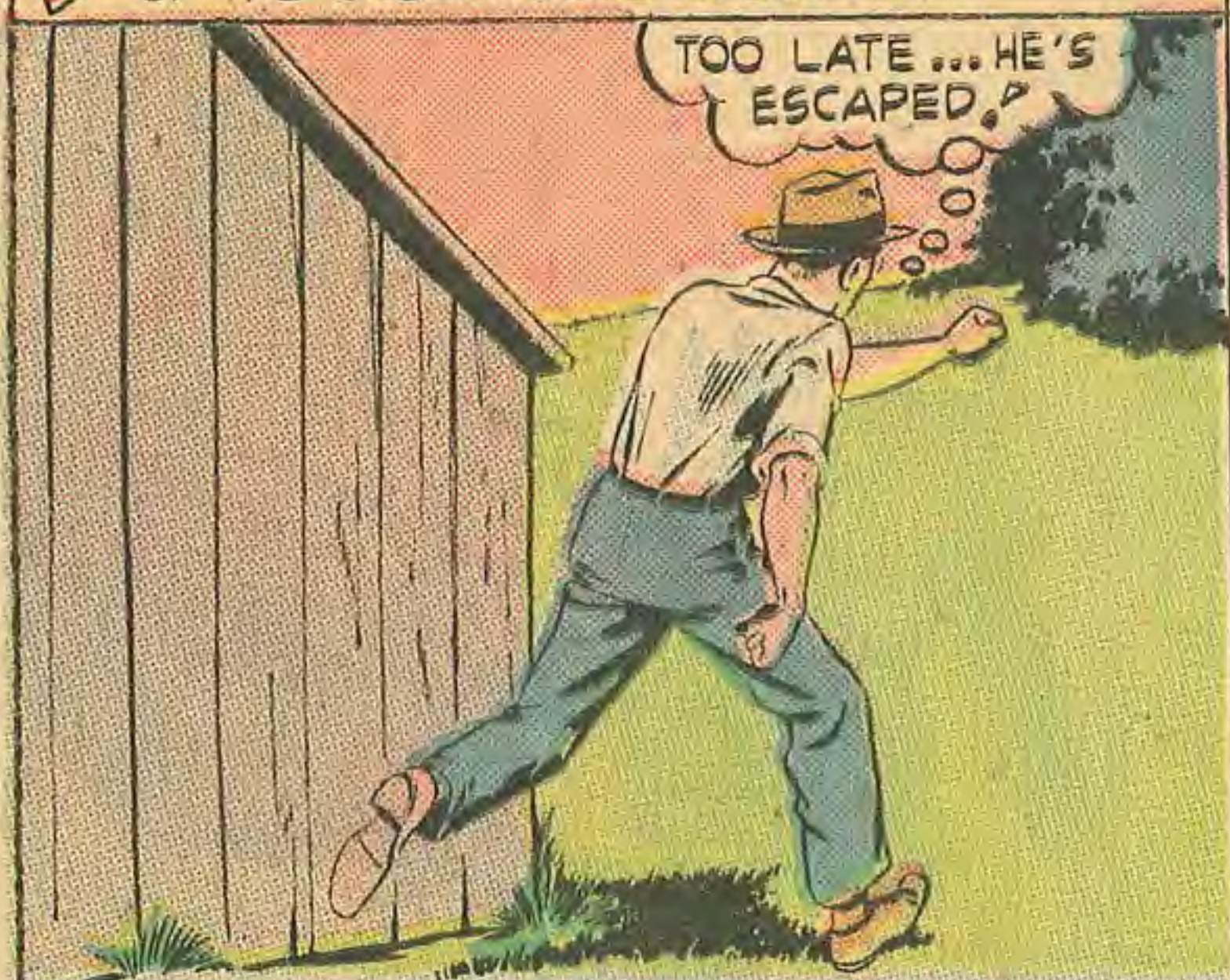
See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



KING HASTILY GRABS A TOMATO AND SMASHES IT ON HIS OPPONENT'S FACE.



WIPING OFF HIS GLASSES, KING RUSHES OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE ... BUT ...



IT'S TIM PERKINS'!

THAT GUY IS A MENACE! IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT A THICK SKULL!



WHEW! TIM ALMOST KILLED ME!

HE MADE A SAP OUTTA ME, KING. LET ME GO AFTER HIM!

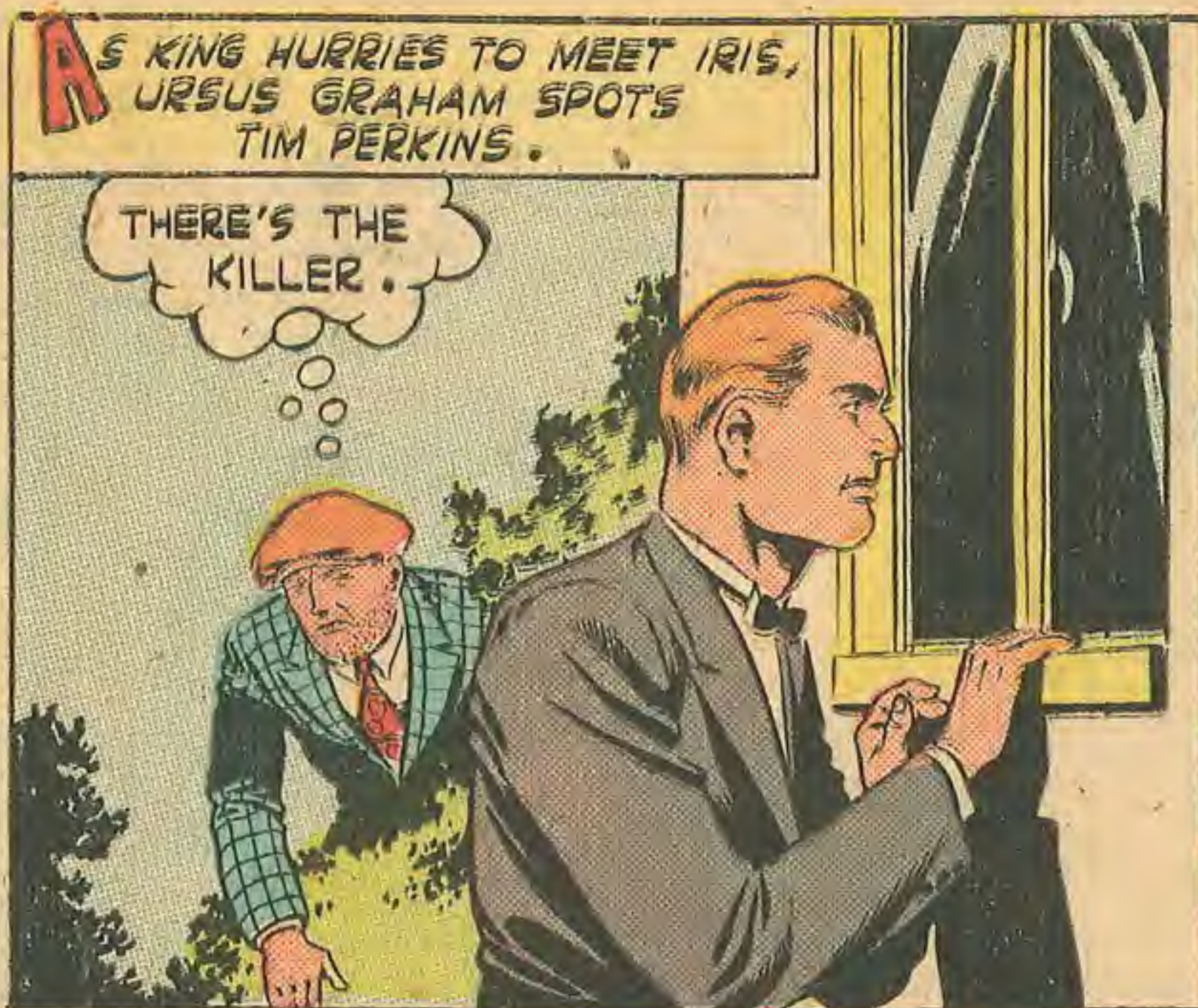


GO TO IT, URSE. WHEN YOU GET HIM, BRING HIM TO THE DRAWING ROOM. I'LL BE THERE WITH REX.



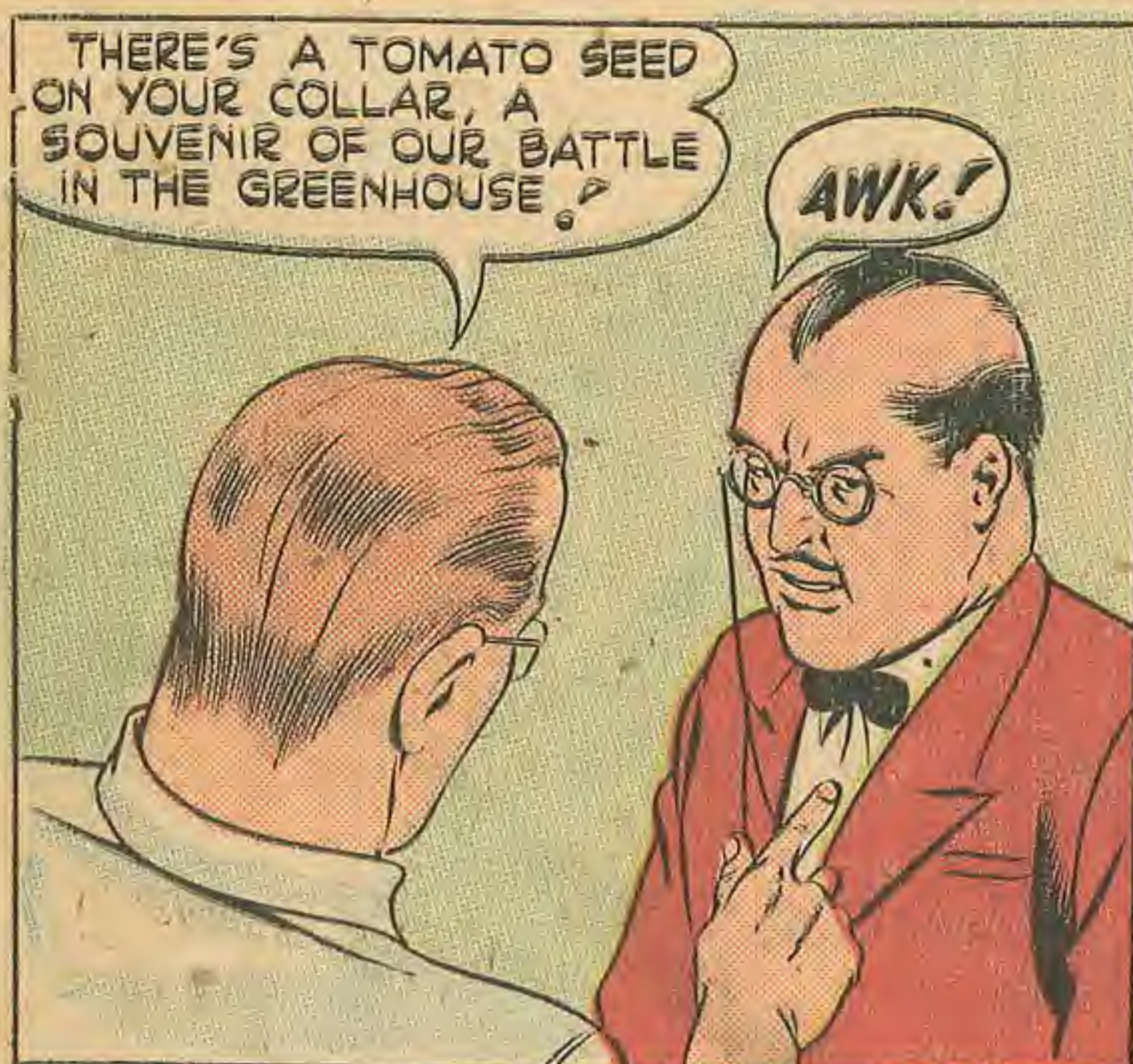
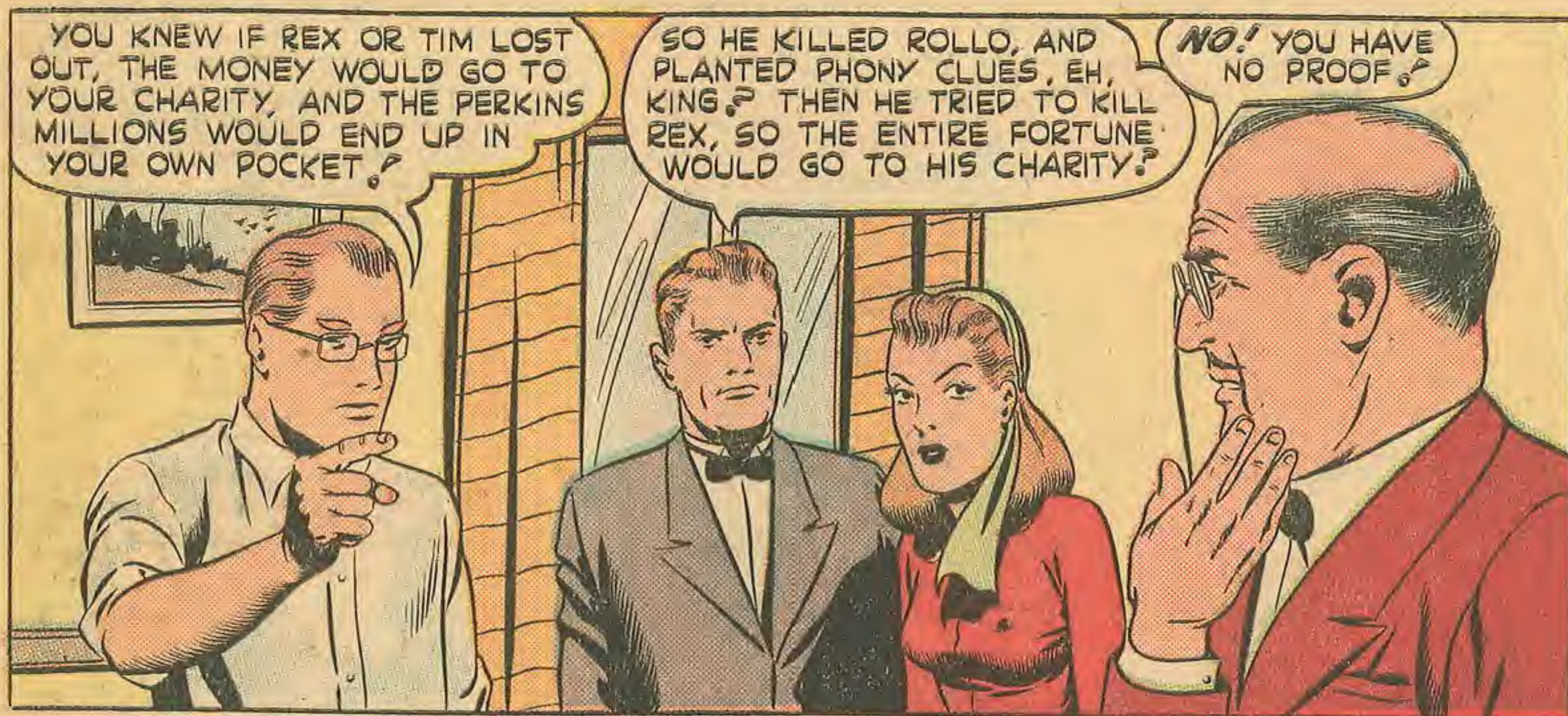
AH, IRIS IS RIGHT ON TIME! THIS CASE OUGHT TO BE SOLVED SOON, REX.

IT'S ALREADY SOLVED! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND TIM AND PUT HIM IN JAIL!





No other "crime-fighting magazine" is like **"CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."**





PULVEX FLEA POWDER

TWO KINDS

WITH 5% DDT
... for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.

OR WITH ROTENONE
... for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.

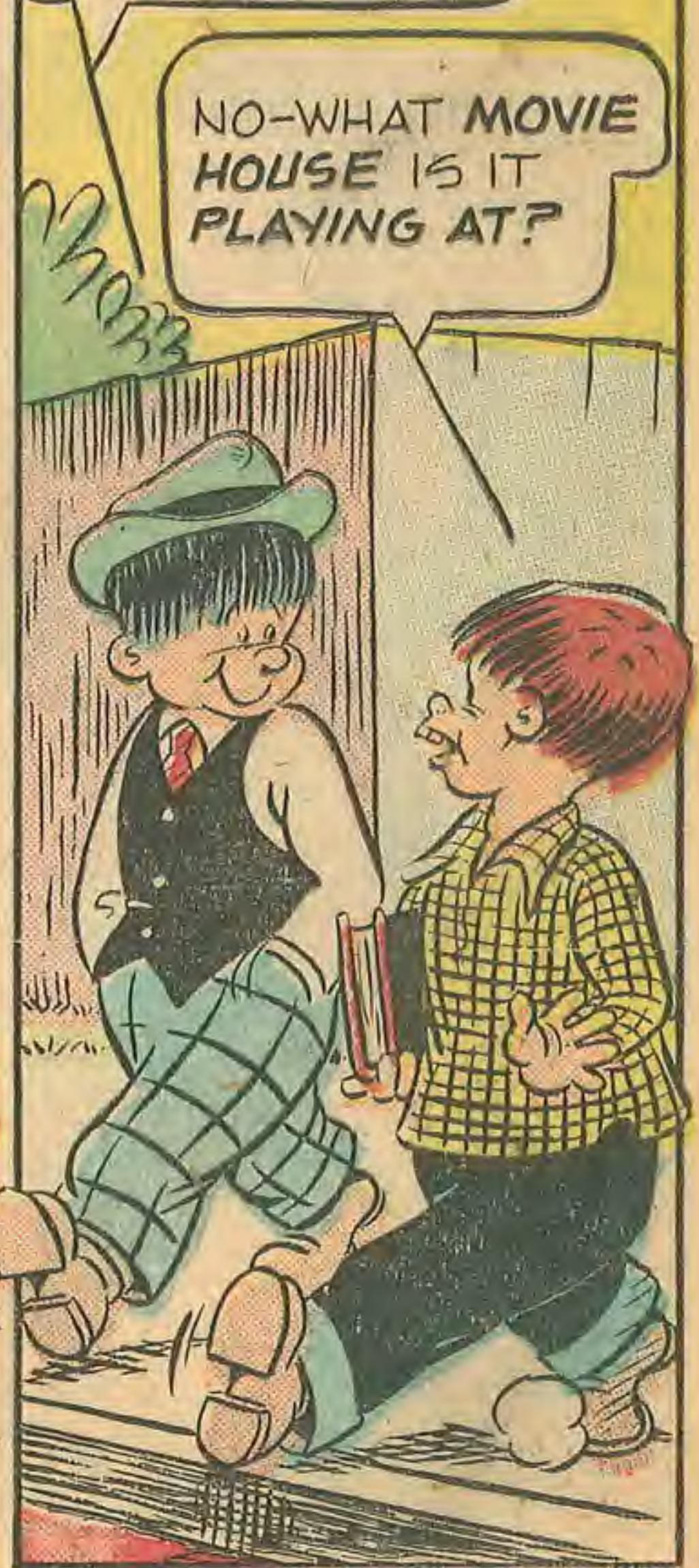
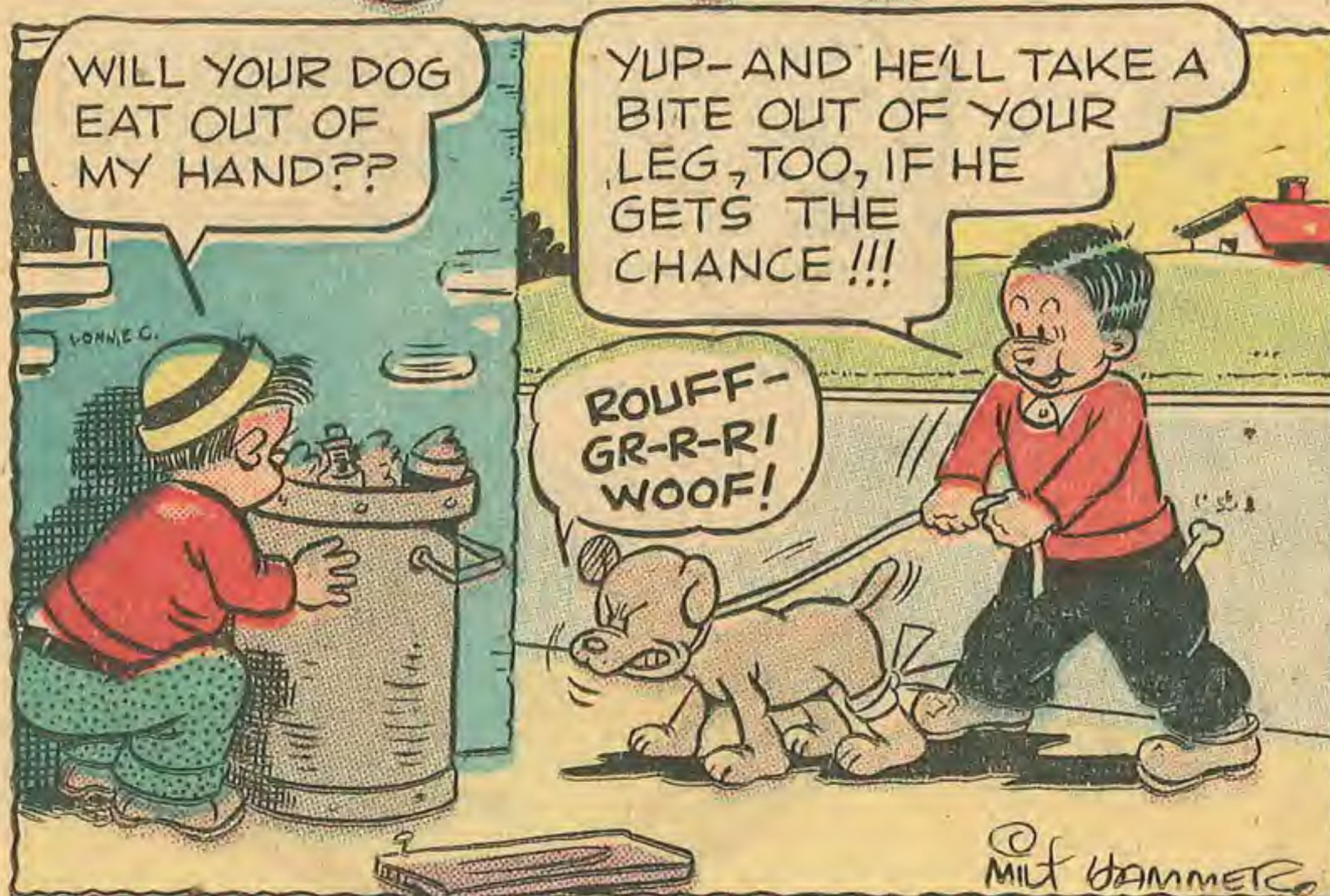
EITHER KIND: 25¢ & 50¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Learn about Earning Opportunities in THE BUILDING TRADES

FREE — Important Information Telling How to Get Started. Do you want to be on the inside in the building boom—where big money is made? This is your chance now. HOME TRAINING prepares you for these big opportunities. Course recognized by Building Industry. (Approved for Veterans.) Write today —no obligation.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
Dept. D72-10 1400 W. Greenleaf, Chicago 26, Ill.



Homer K. BEAGLE



The DEMON DETECTIVE

STORY BY ROBERT PLATE
DRAWN BY HARVEY K. FULLER

HOMER K. BEAGLE, SCREWBALL SLEUTH, GETS STRUNG UP IN HIS ATTEMPT TO STRING FOLKS ALONG WITH A DISGUISE. BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN A MERE HANGING TO STOP OUR DAUNTLESS DETECTIVE! OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S OFFICE.

I HATE TO DO IT, BEAGLE, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT TO HIRE YOU AS A SPECIAL GUARD FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

WHAT'S COOKIN', CHIEF?

CHIEF OF POLICE



THE TOWN IS GIVING A BANQUET FOR A FOREIGN ENVOY NAMED SEEDKO. A REVOLUTIONARY GANG, ACTIVE IN SEEDKO'S COUNTRY, MAY TRY TO BUMP HIM OFF HERE.

GEE!



CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

I DON'T WANT ANY ASSASSINATIONS IN THIS TOWN, SO I AM HIRING EVERY PLAIN-CLOTHES-MAN I CAN FIND TO BE ON GUARD.



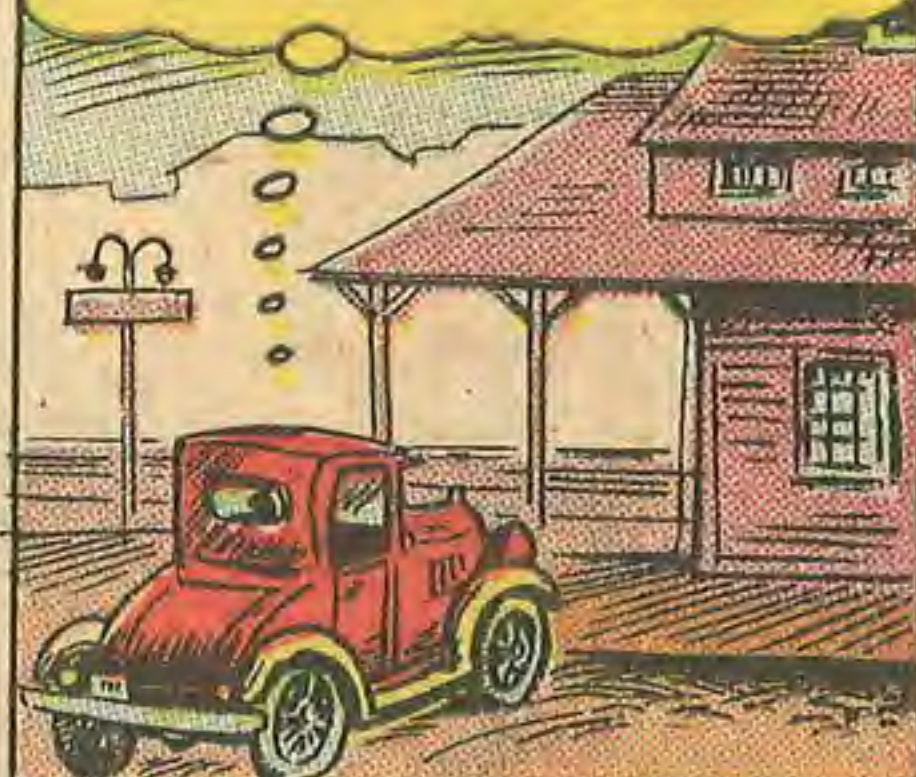
NEVER FEAR, CHIEF. I'LL PROTECT AMBASSADOR SEEDKO WITH MY LIFE!

BE AT THE

RAILROAD STATION THIS AFTERNOON. A BIG DELEGATION IS MEETING SEEDKO.



I'LL SPOT THE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AND NAB THEM BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!



TAKING NO CHANCES, HOMER ARRIVES AT THE DEPOT THREE HOURS EARLY!

SHUCKS! NOBODY HERE LOOKS LIKE AN ASSASSINATOR! I BETTER CHECK ON THE INCOMING TRAINS!



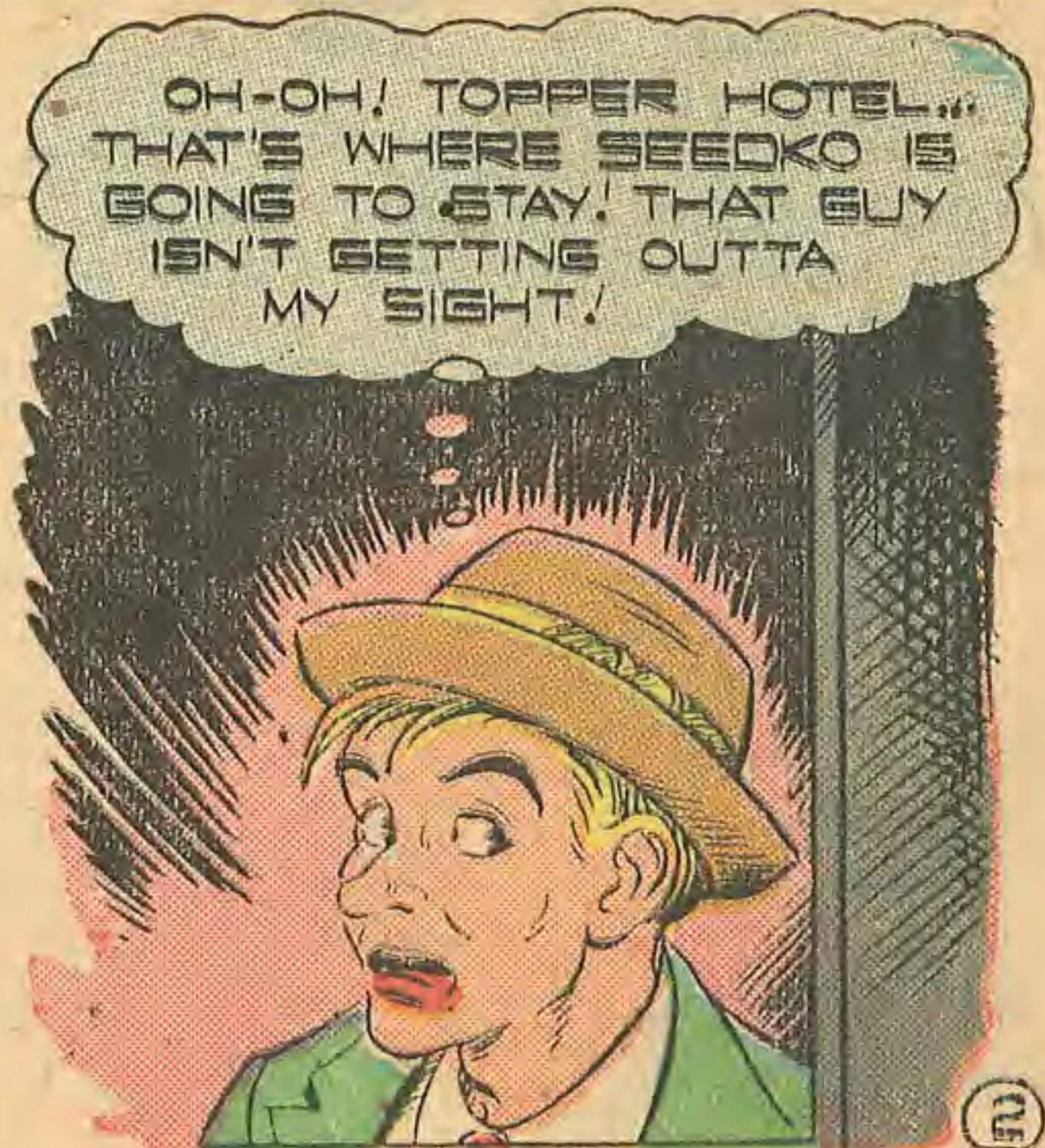
AHA! THERE'S A SINISTER GENT!

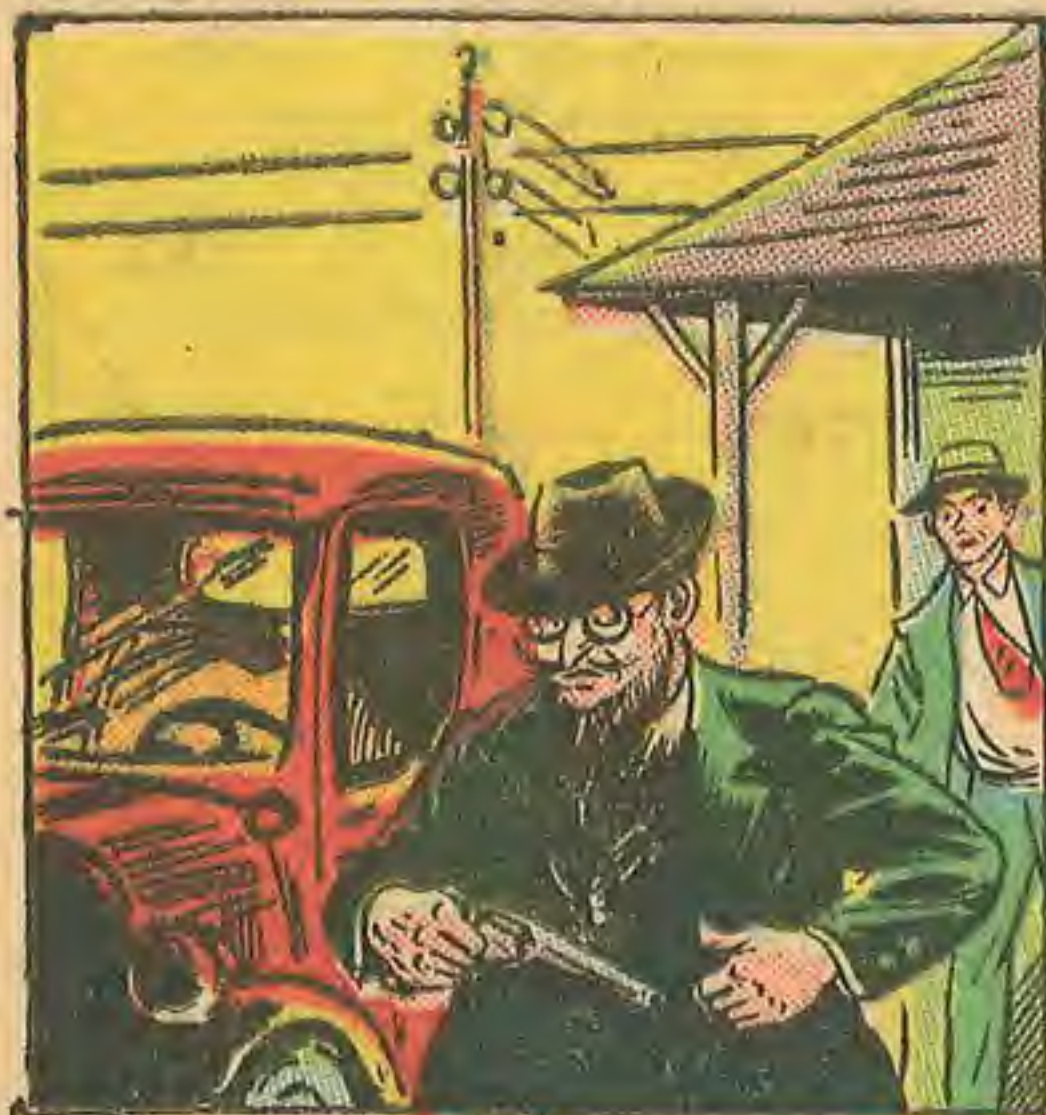


WHICH WAY IS THE TOPPER HOTEL?



OH-OH! TOPPER HOTEL... THAT'S WHERE SEEDKO IS GOING TO STAY! THAT GUY ISN'T GETTING OUTTA MY SIGHT!



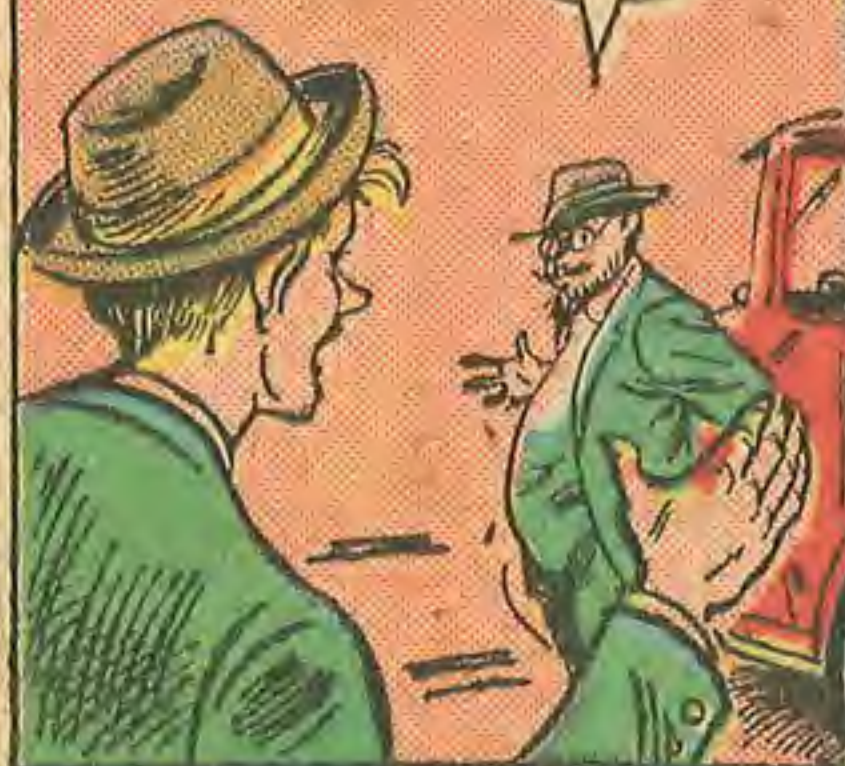


HOMER SHADOWS THE SUSPECT, WHO PAUSES FOR A FLURTIVE LOOK AT HIS SURROUNDINGS.

YIPE! HE'S READY TO KILL! I GOTTA STOP HIM!

HEY, CHUM, C'MERE!

EH?



EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

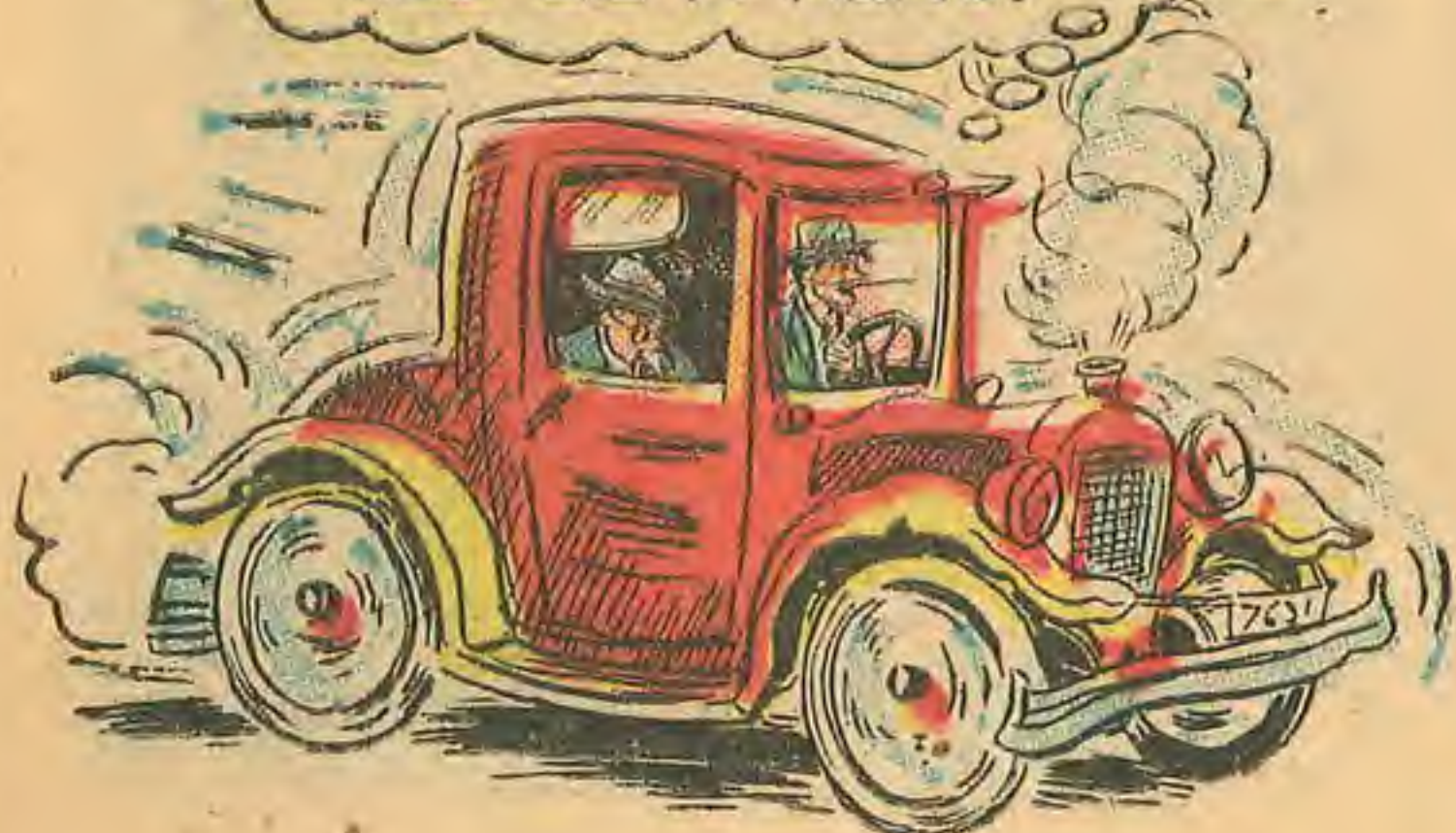
I SEE NOTHING!



GOOD! NOBODY SAW ME! I'LL KEEP THIS THING ON THE Q.T. TILL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT!



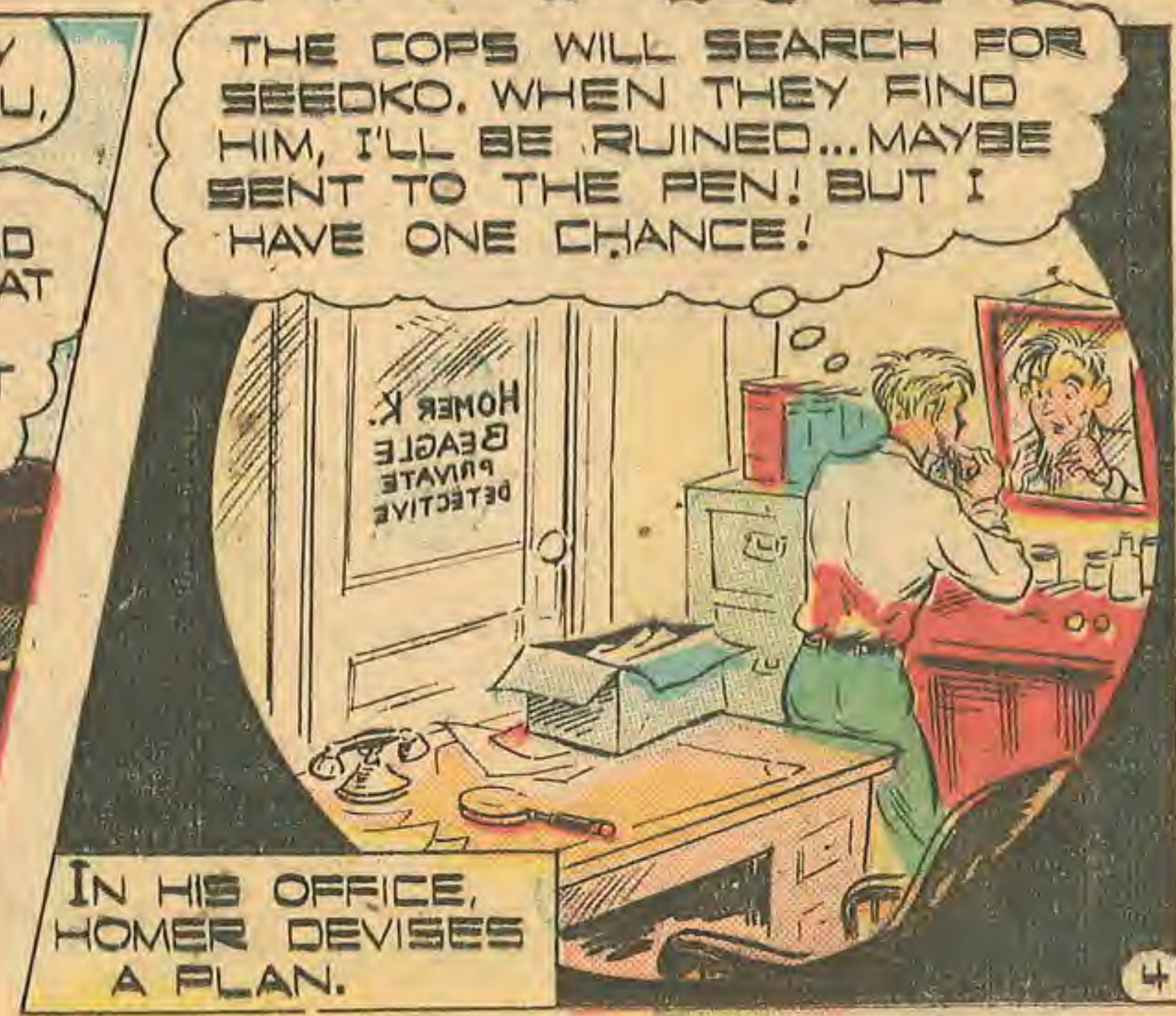
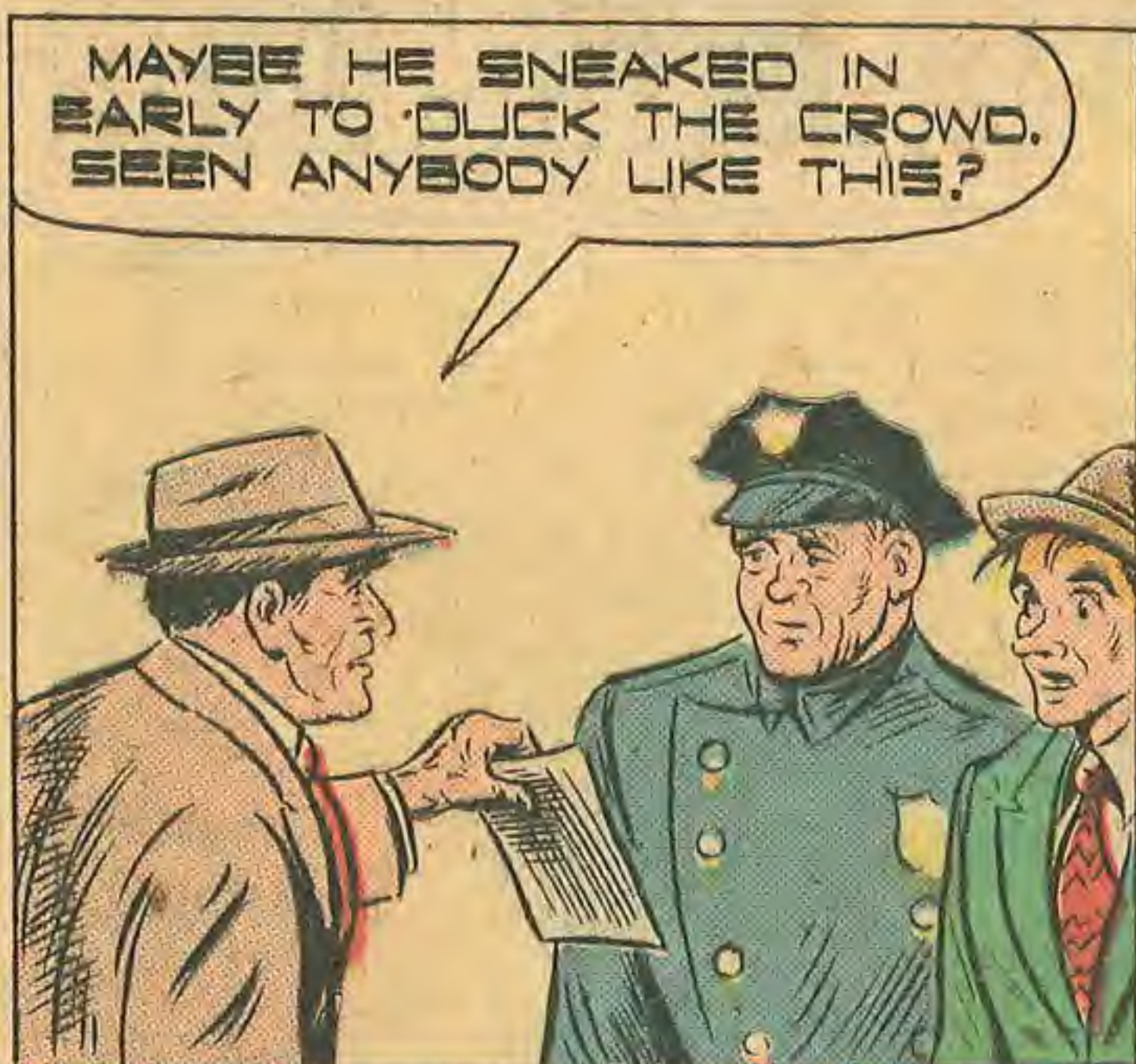
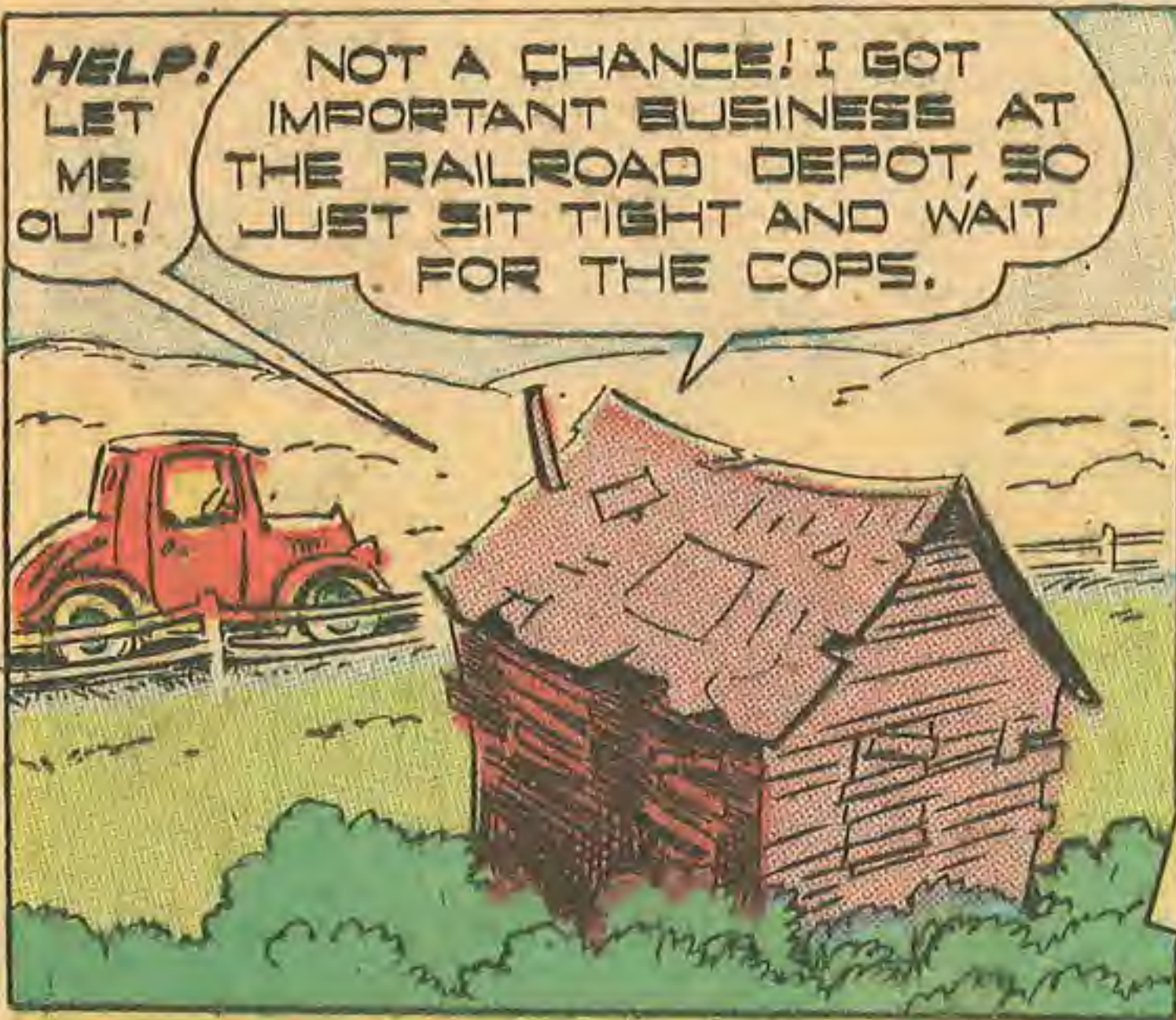
MR. SEEDKO WOULDN'T ENJOY HIS BANQUET IF HE KNEW ABOUT THIS KILLER, SO I'LL WAIT FOR THE FINAL SPEECHES BEFORE I SPRING THE NEWS...GEE, I'LL BE A HERO!



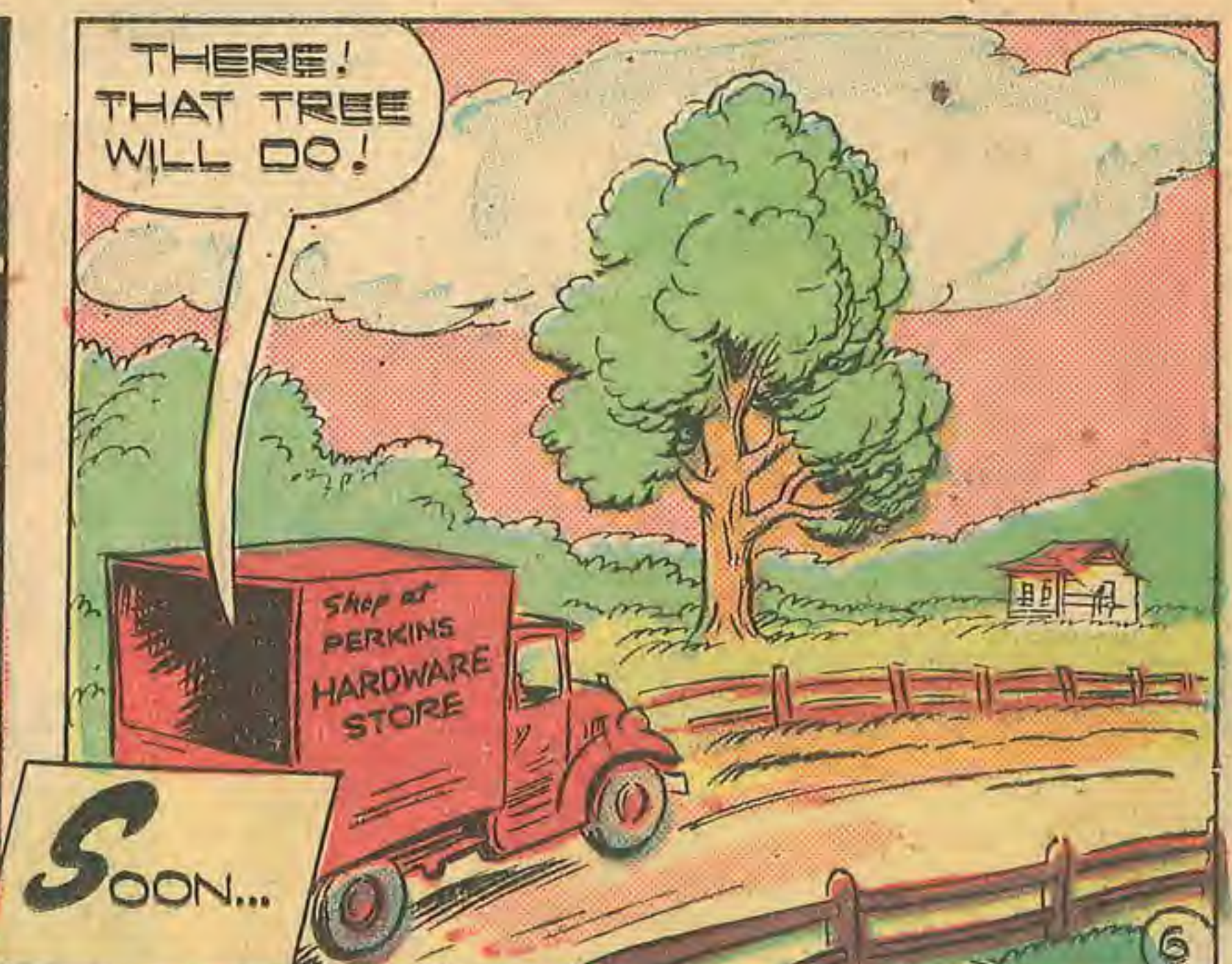
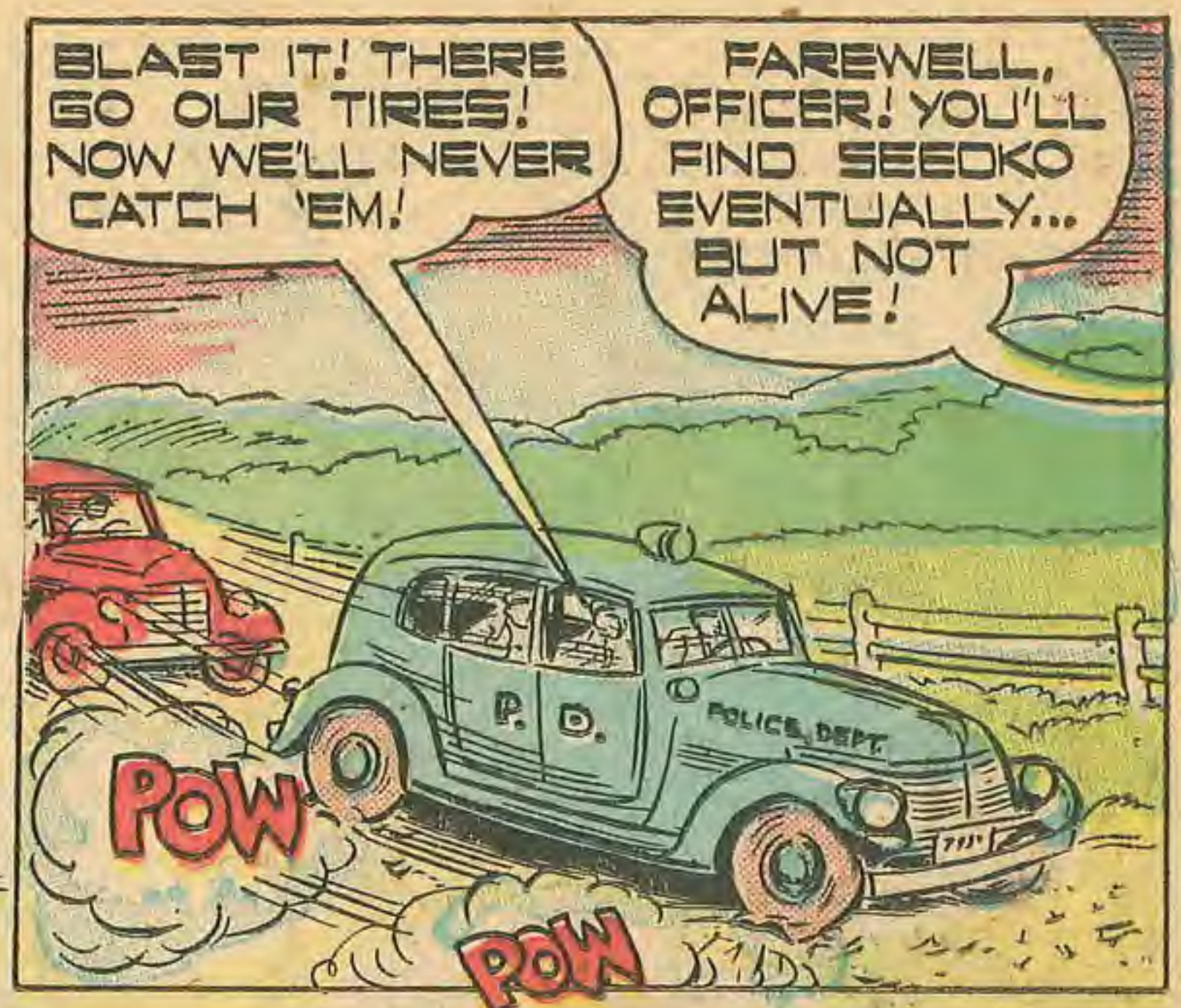
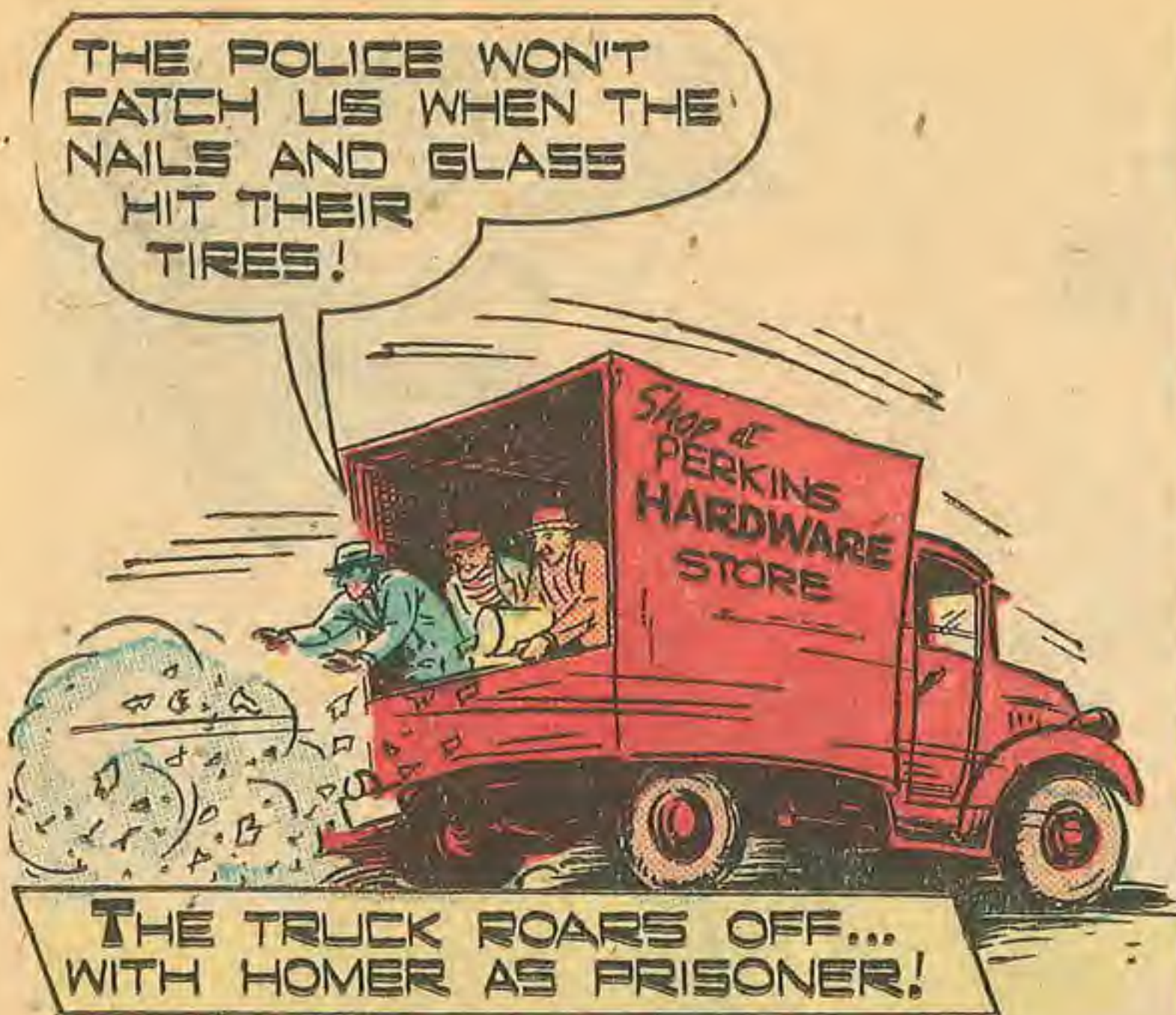
HOMER DRIVES TO A DESERTED SHACK IN THE COUNTRY.

I OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!





See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



WHEN WE LET GO,
HE'LL DROP... AND
BREAK HIS NECK!

HEY!
WHERE
AM I?
HALP!

HOMER FACES DEATH WITH
HIS CUSTOMARY CALM!

STOP! I'M
TOO YOUNG
TO DIE!

DIE, DOG!
LET HIM
DROP!

CRACK

LUCKY THE LIMB IS ROTTEN!

WHY!
THEY WERE
KNOCKED
OUT!

BUT I
REMAIN
PERFECT!

YOUR BLOATED BILLY
WILL GET WHAT IT
DESERVES!

CRIMINALS ON THE RUN



No other "crime-fighting magazine" is like "CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."



JESSE STRANGE decided to kill his Uncle Ezra Strange on the very day that the old man told him he was going to call in his lawyer and change his will.

Jesse had been with the old man for two years now. Two years in which he had waited on the old fellow hand and foot. Two years in which he had laughed at the old man's corny jokes. Two lifetimes of "Yes, Uncle. No, Uncle. Of course, Uncle!" And now the old goat was going to change his will. That could only mean that Jesse was going to be cut off without a penny. Jesse wasn't going to let that happen.

Jesse planned his uncle's murder with a certain, methodical cunning. In order to squeeze every bit of enjoyment from his uncle's death, he decided to wait until the very last minute. To wait until just before the old man started to sign his name to the changes in the will, and then—!

That's why the day before the lawyer was due to arrive, Jesse was on the cliff above the North pasture. He was practicing, shooting at a whitewashed boulder about the size of his Uncle Ezra's head. The boulder was in the valley, about three hundred feet below, and Jesse chuckled with satisfaction as the bullets from his high-powered rifle spattered accurately against it.

He had a momentary scare that day when he thought someone was watching. Just after the third shot a twig snapped suddenly behind him. He whirled quickly and saw a clump of bushes some distance away sway violently. Then there was a sudden, excited yap as a brown and white dog streaked out of the brush after a rabbit. Jesse recognized it as eight-year-old Freddy Dale's little mongrel, and breathed a sigh of relief. There was nothing to worry about after all.

The next afternoon, Jesse squatted in the thick stand of pine trees on the hillside above his Uncle Ezra's frame farmhouse and carefully lined the telescopic sights of his rifle on the slumped figure in the overstuffed armchair by the big window in his uncle's study. He couldn't see his uncle's face, but no one could mistake that shock of white hair. Across from Uncle Ezra sat Lawyer Froman.

Jesse waited until he caught the white head in the crossed, delicate hairs of the rifle sight, then carefully squeezed the trigger. At the gun's flat report, the white head within the study fell forward. Jesse didn't wait to see any more. He had an alibi to fix up.

"I guess that's all the evidence we need, Jesse," a deep voice behind him said pleasantly. A brown hand came from nowhere and snatched the rifle from his hands. "Attempted murder, eh? That should put you away for a long time."

Jesse whirled, startled, to see the smiling face of Sheriff Dale, and behind the Sheriff, Uncle Ezra!

"Huh? Bu-But, Uncle Ezra, I thought you were dead! I—I—shot—?" Jesse's eyes bulged with a hundred unspoken questions.

"Oh, that?" Sheriff Dale chuckled. "We just thought we'd let you keep shootin' at targets. That thing in the chair was a dummy." He chuckled again. "Yuh see, Jesse, the dog wasn't the only thing in the bushes yesterday. Freddy was hidden there too, but when you turned with that rifle in your hand he was too scared to reveal himself. When he told me about it, I figgered you was up to no good and set this little trap. You stepped right into it."

THE END

YOUNG KING COLE



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND



KING HAS HELPED CAPTURE THE AMERICAN AGENT OF A JEWEL SMUGGLING GANG. NOW HE'S AFTER THE REST OF THE GANG!

KINGSTON COLE, JR., THE MODEST YOUNG DETECTIVE, CAN BLOW HIS OWN HORN IF DANGER DICTATES IT, AS HE PROVES IN A TINGLING BATTLE HIGH IN THE SWISS ALPS!

THE HEADQUARTERS OF YOUR GANG MUST BE IN EUROPE, SCHMIDT... BUT WHERE? AND WHO'S THE BIG BOSS?

BAH! YOU VASTE YOUR TIME!



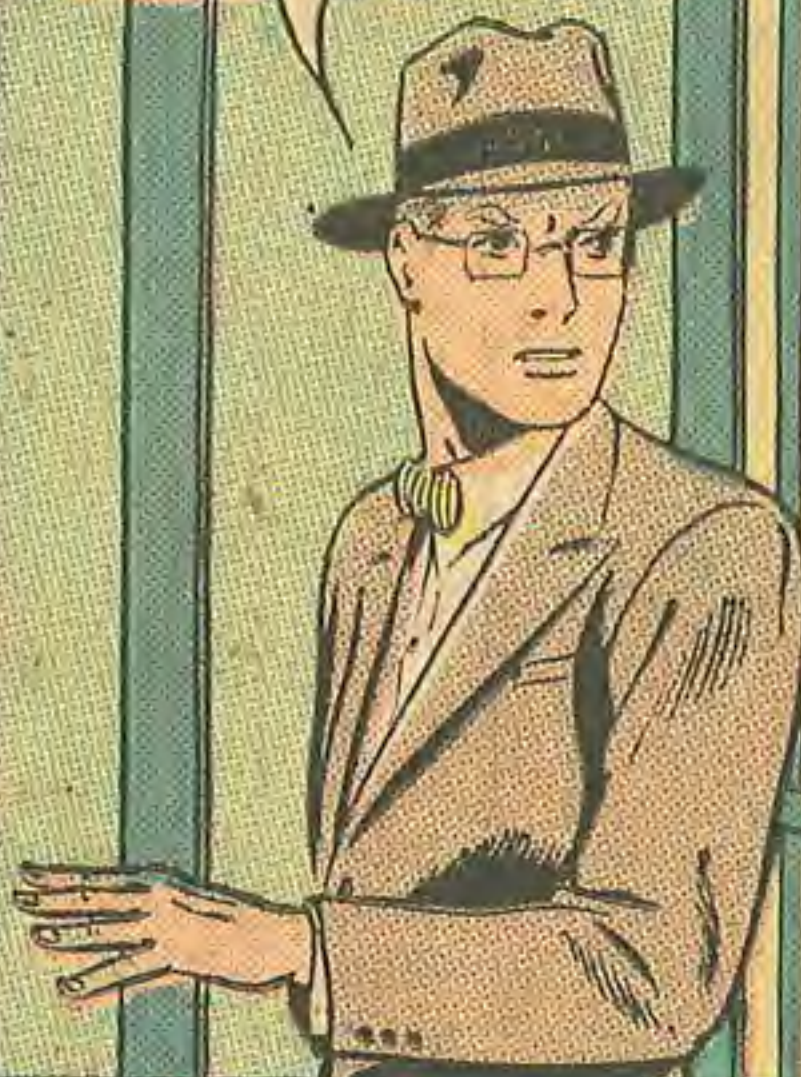
AMcWilliams

CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

NEFER VILL I TELL!! UND
NEFER VILL YOU CATCH DER
BOSS! HE ISS TOO SMART!



NO CROOK IS EVER TOO SMART
TO BE CAUGHT. THE COLE AGENCY
WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM EVEN
IF YOU WON'T TALK.



BAH!



WITH WHIP STEELE, KING GOES TO
SCHMIDT'S CLOCK SHOP...

THE GANG STOLE JEWELS
IN EUROPE, THEN SMUGGLED
THEM PAST AMERICAN CUSTOMS
TO SCHMIDT IN SPECIALLY
MADE CLOCKS... AND THAT'S
ALL WE KNOW!

MAYBE
WE'LL FIND
SOME LEADS
IN THE SHOP.

AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH TURNS UP NO
CLUES.
WHIP ME! LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE STUMPED!

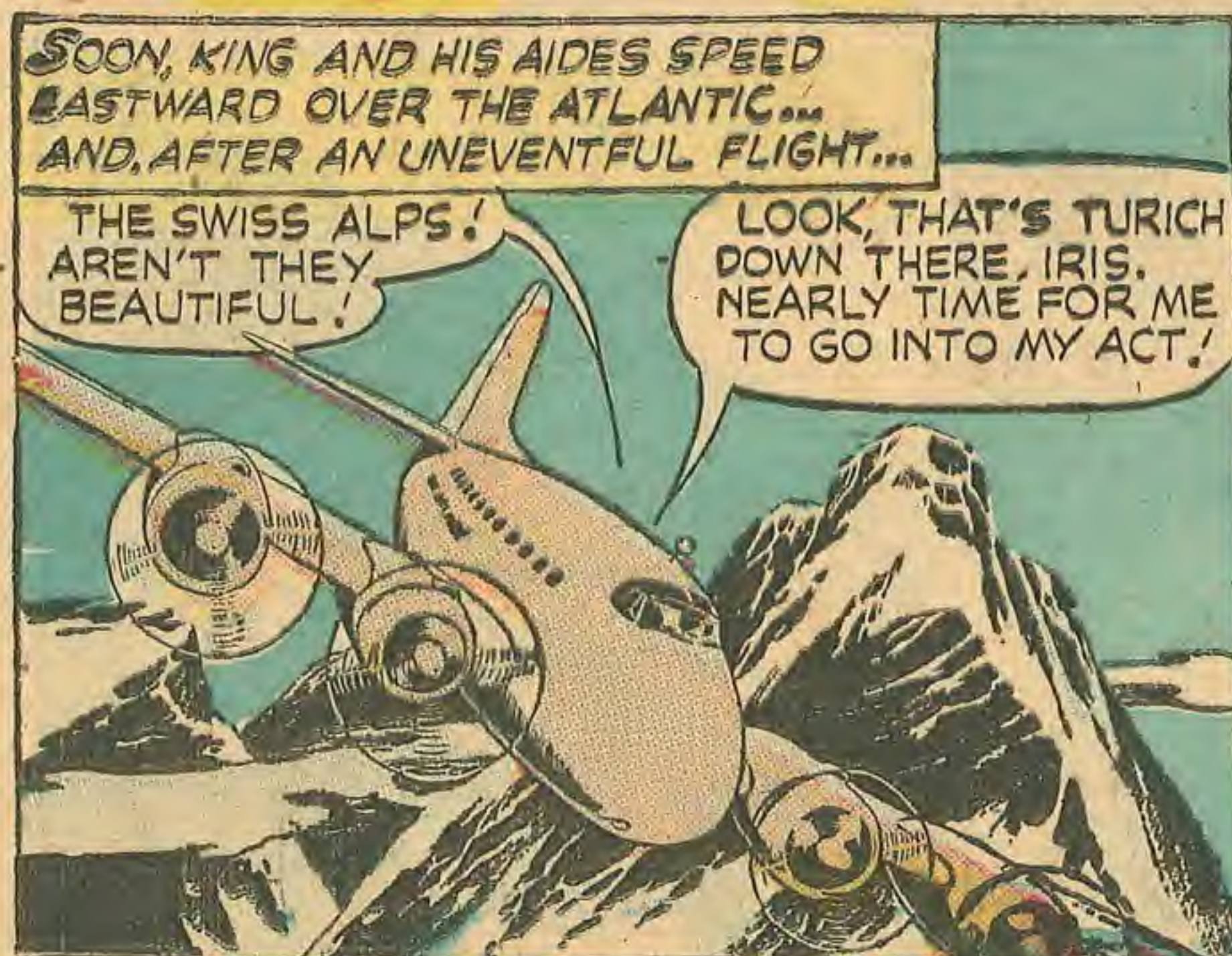
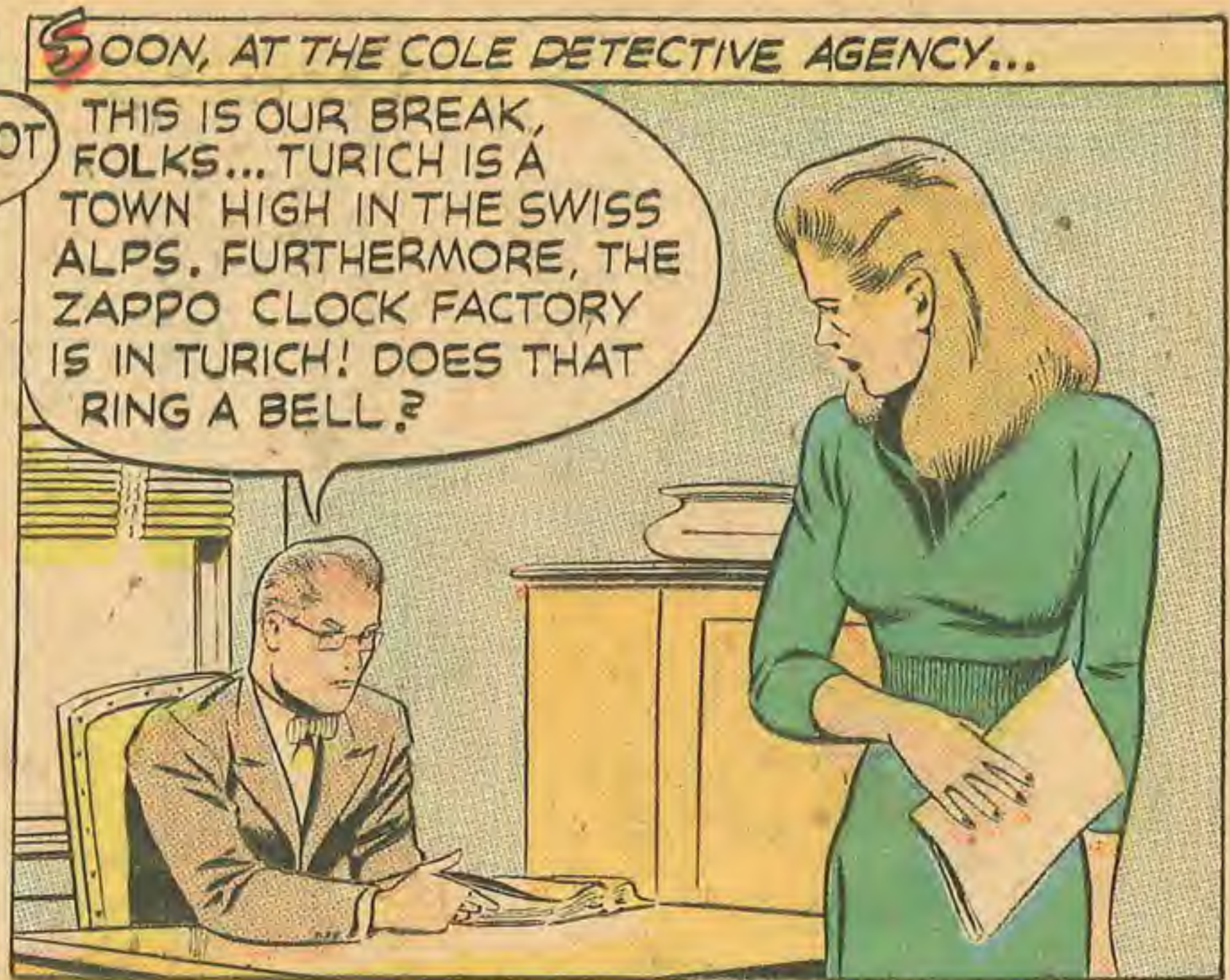


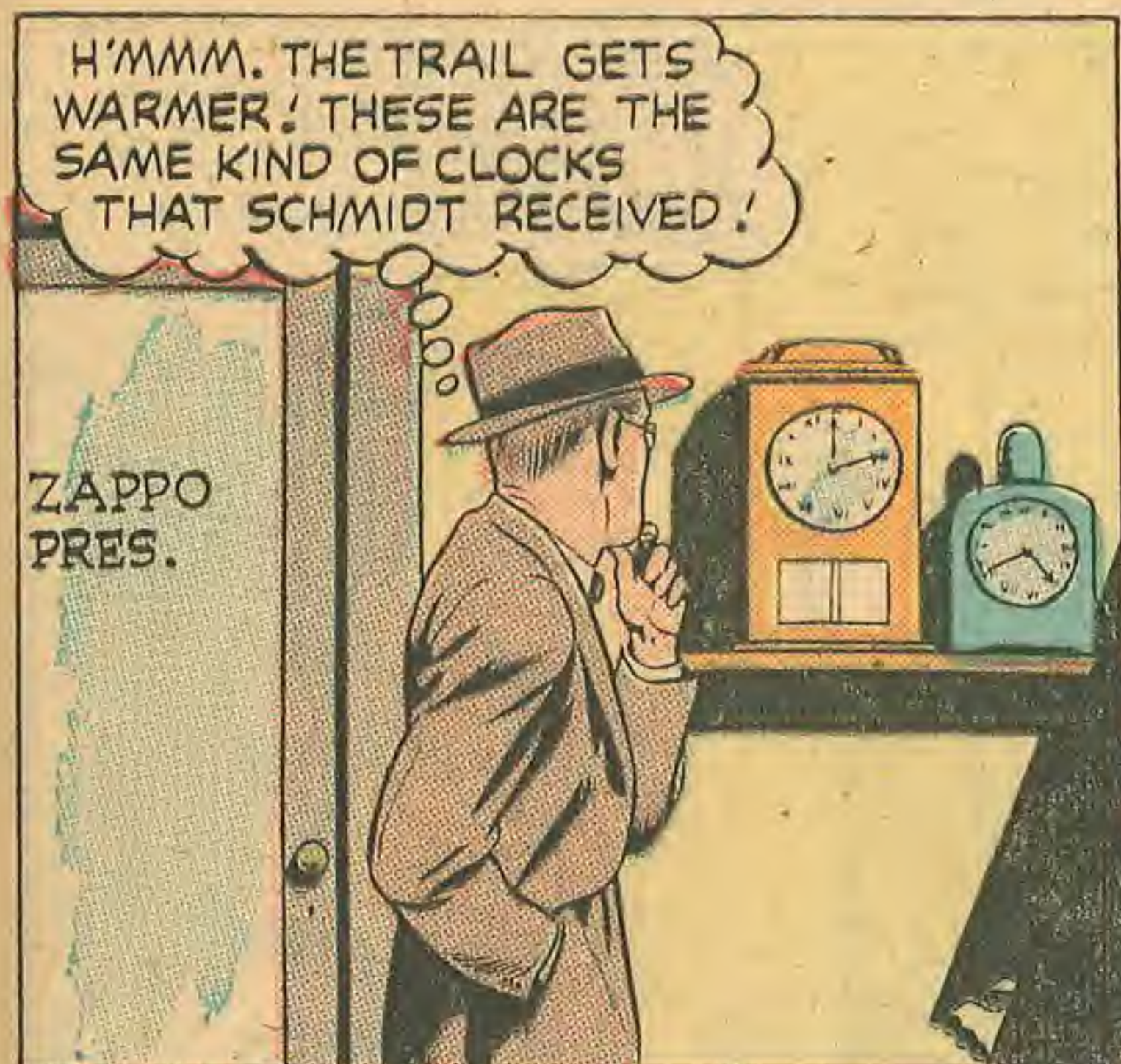
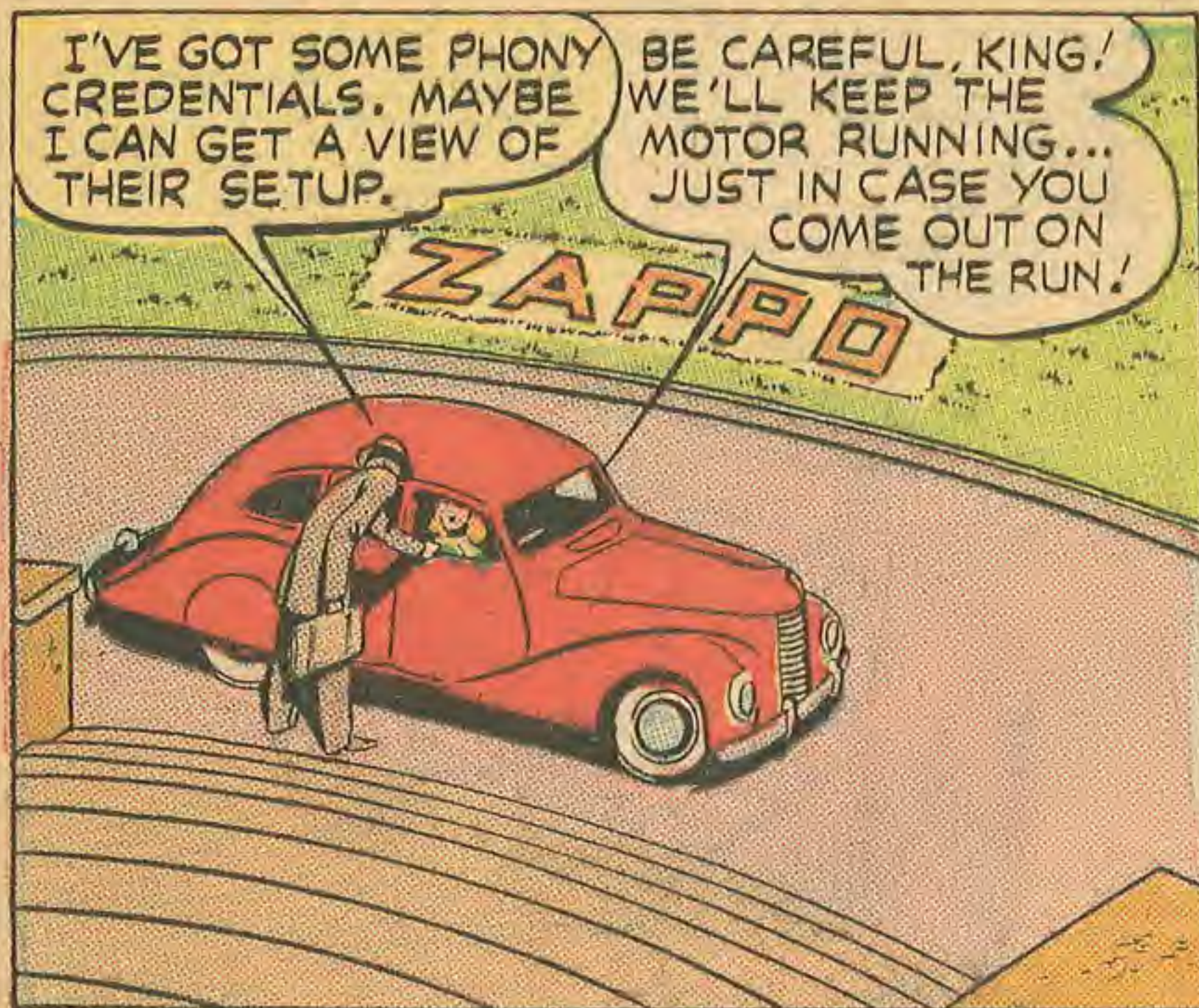
HUH! GUESS YOU
FIGURE IF SCHIMDT
KNEW ANYTHING, HE'D
KEEP IT UNDER HIS
HAT, EH, KING?

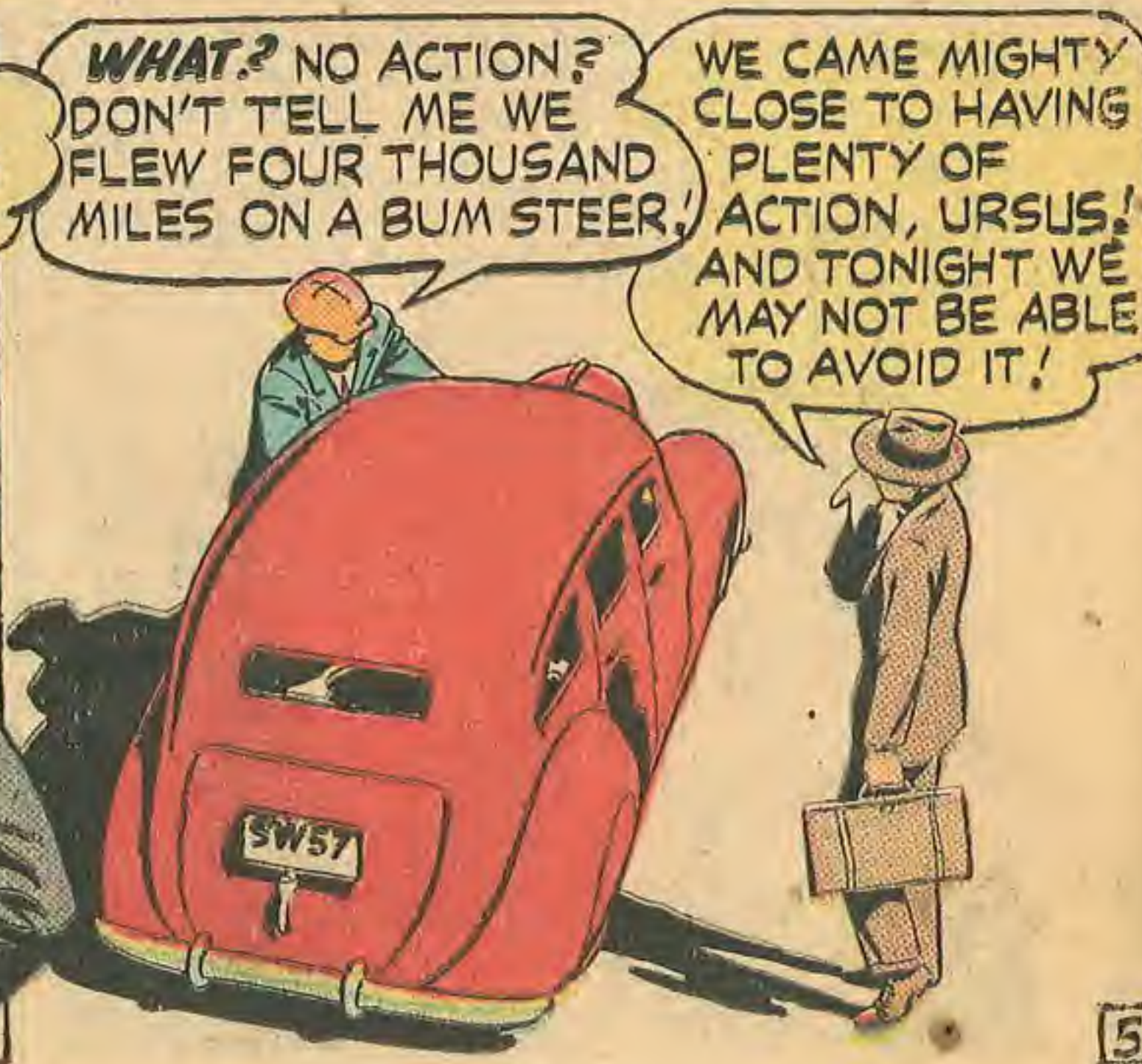
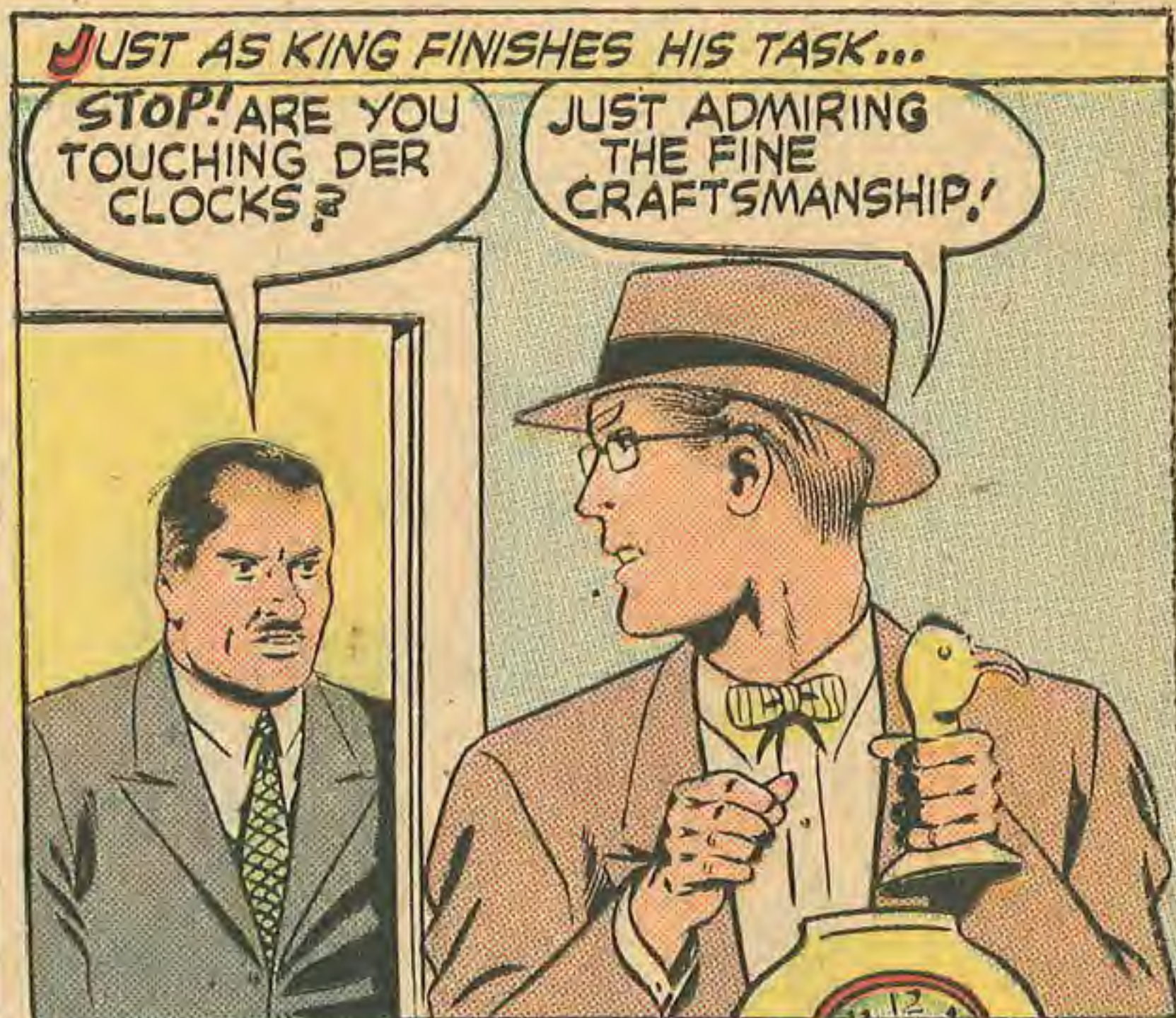
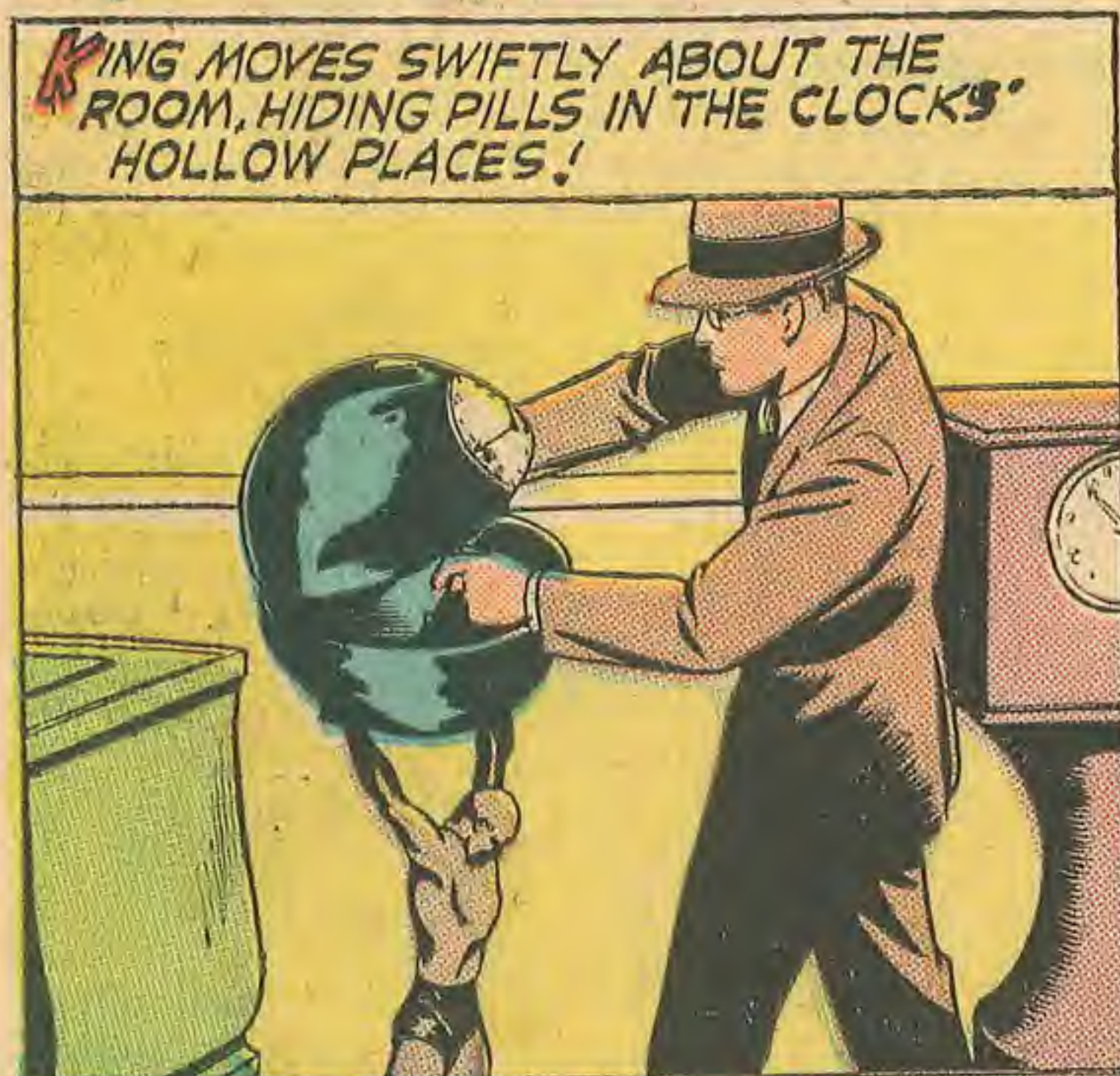
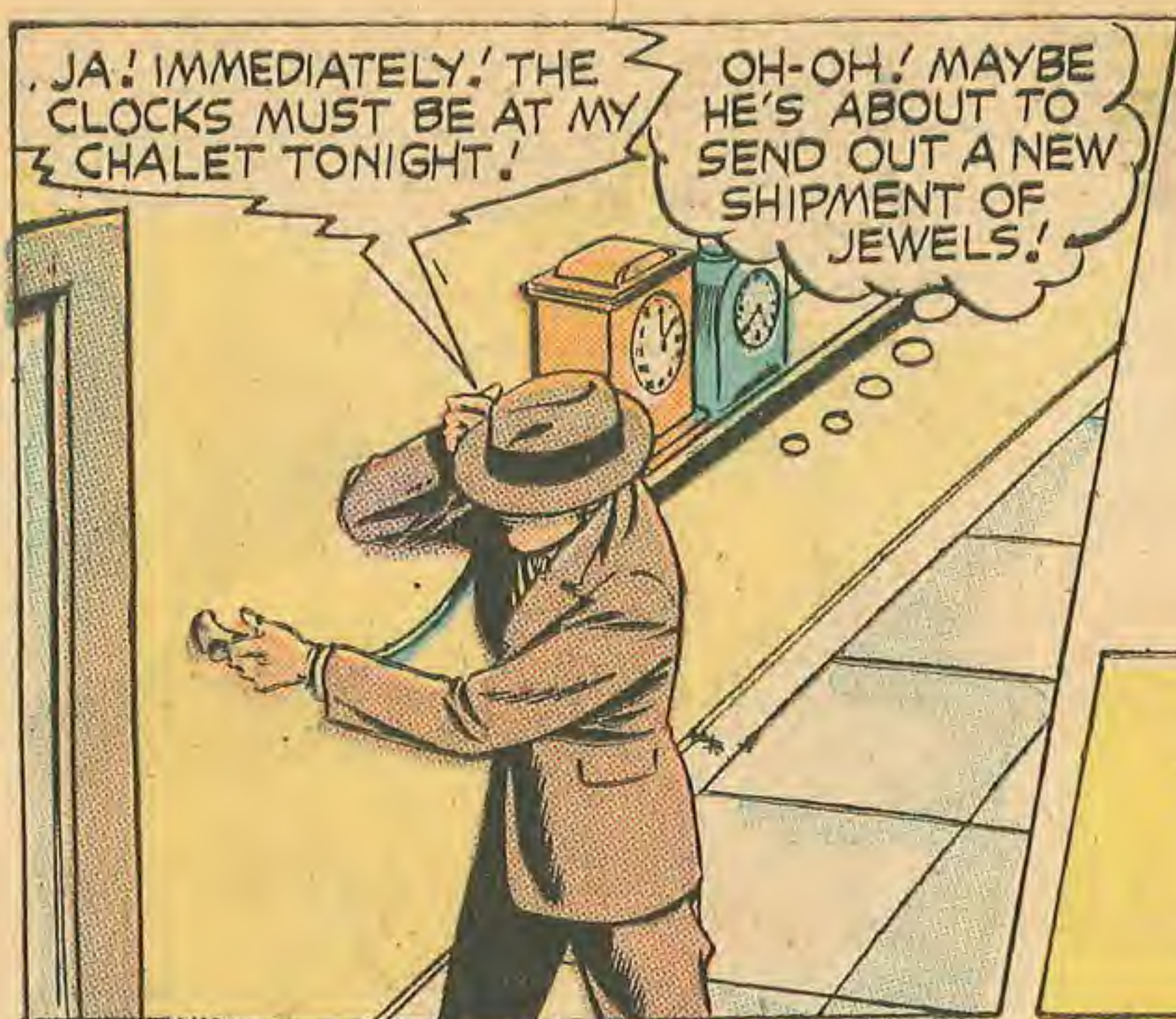
NEVER CAN
TELL, WHIP!

SAY, I **DID** FIND
SOMETHING!! IT
SAYS Z..TURICH ON
THE SWEATBAND!!







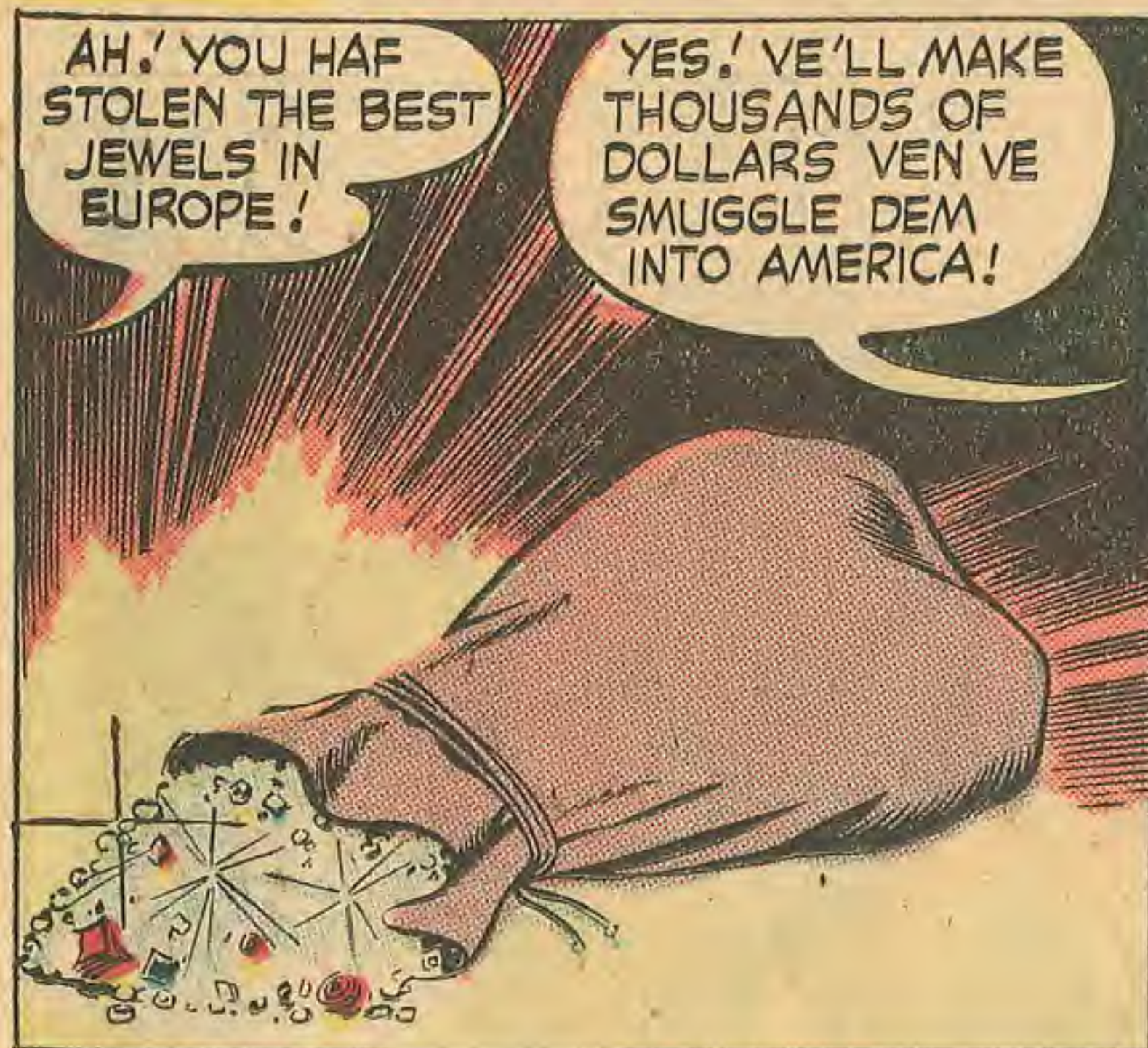




See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

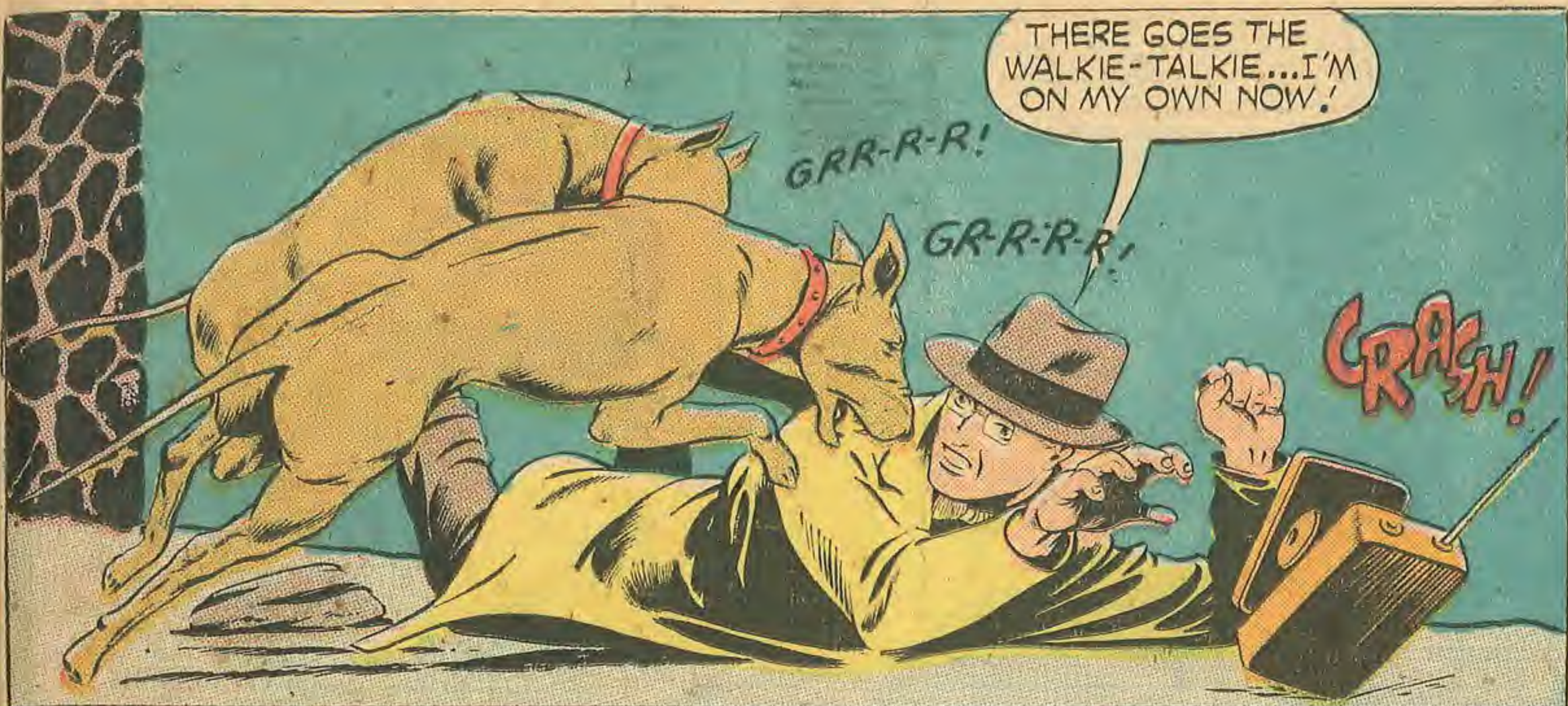


VE HAF REAPED A FINE CROP... EFERYT'NG VORKED LIKE...UH.. CLOCKVORK!

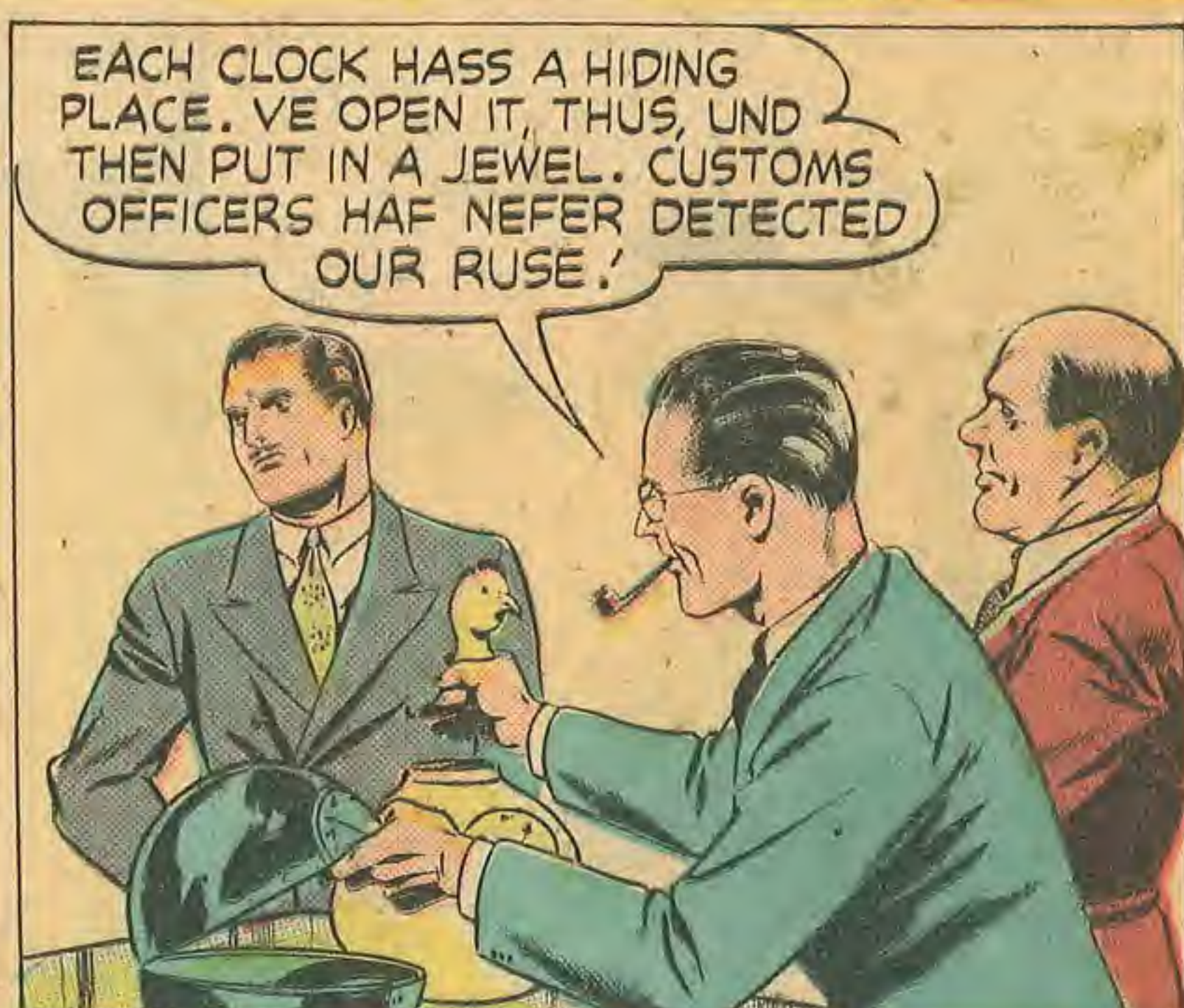


EXCELLENT! UNFORTUNATE ISS DOT SCHMIDT HAS MET WITH A MISHAP, BUT VUN OF YOU CAN GO OVER THERE UND SET UP ANOTHER CLOCK SHOP!





No other "crime-fighting magazine" is like "GRIMINALS ON THE RUN."



KING AND ZAPPO, NEAR THE DOOR, ESCAPE THE DEADLY FUMES. DONNER UND BLITZEN! MY MEN... THEY ARE COLLAPSING!



IT'S YOUR TURN, NEXT, ZAPPO!

OWWWW!



AS KING PICKS UP THE GUN, ZAPPO GRABS THE JEWELS AND FLEES!

A COUPLE OF 'EM STILL LOOK PRETTY LIVELY. I MAY NEED THIS!



YOU WILL NEVER GET AWAY ALIVE!

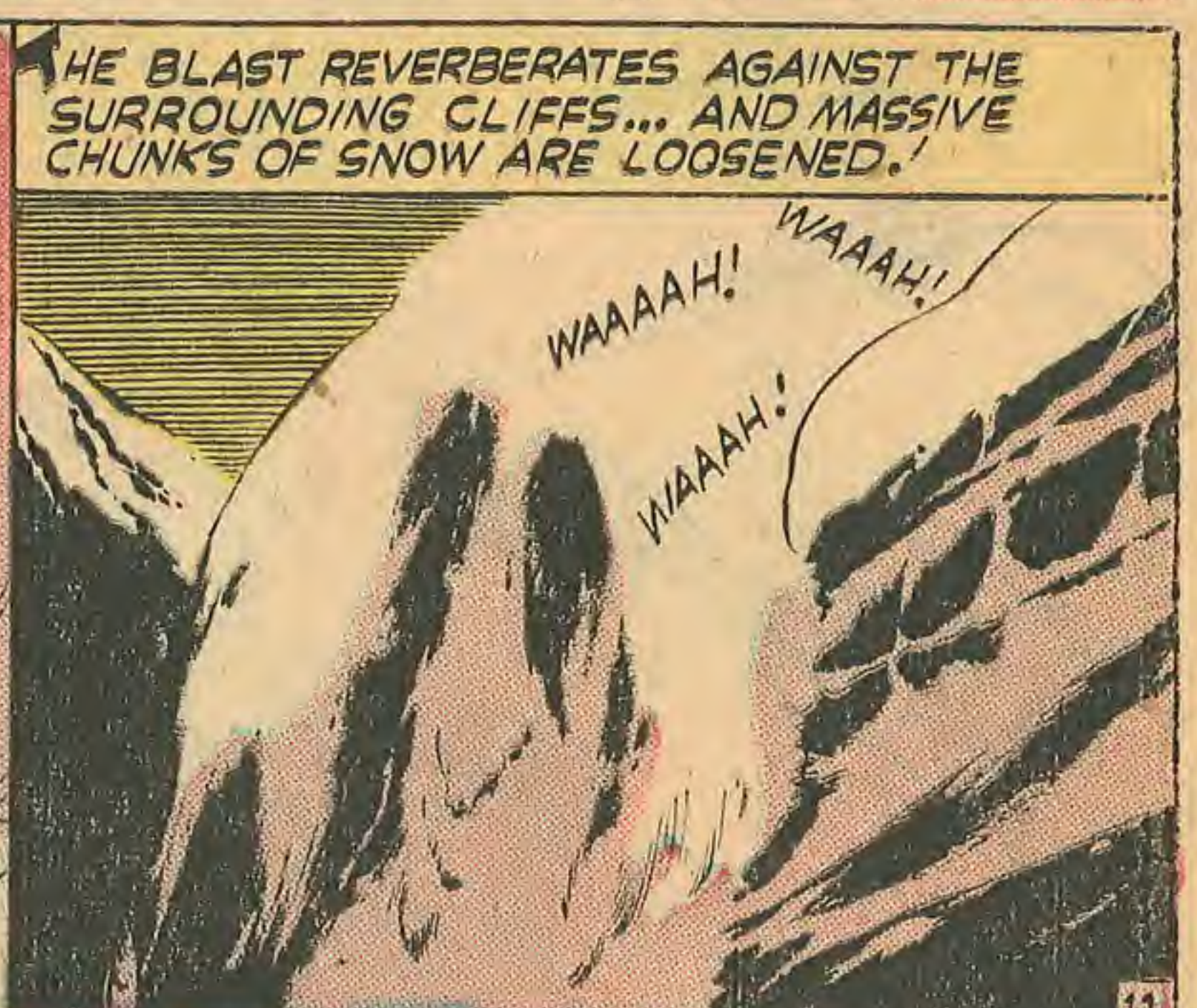
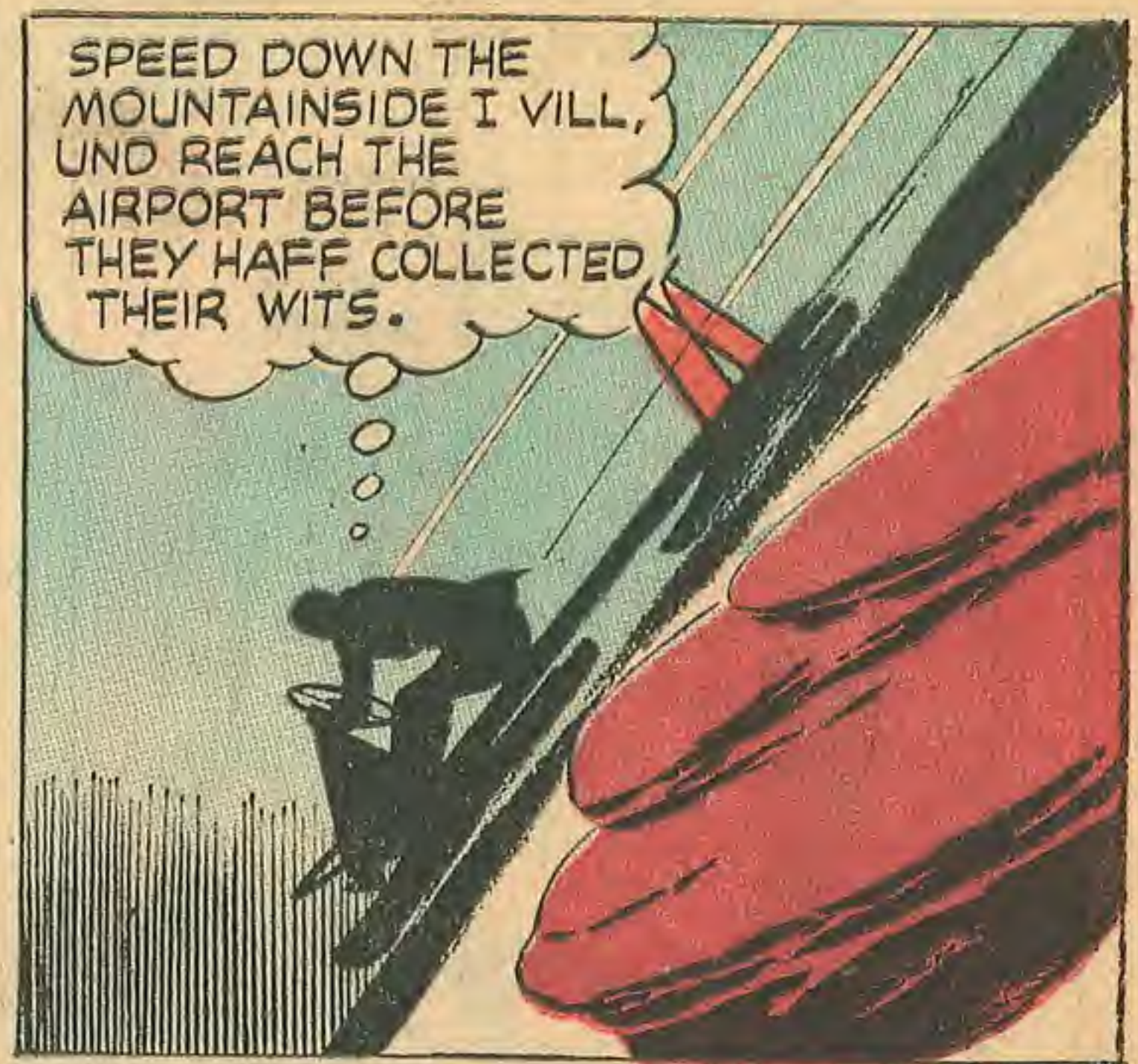
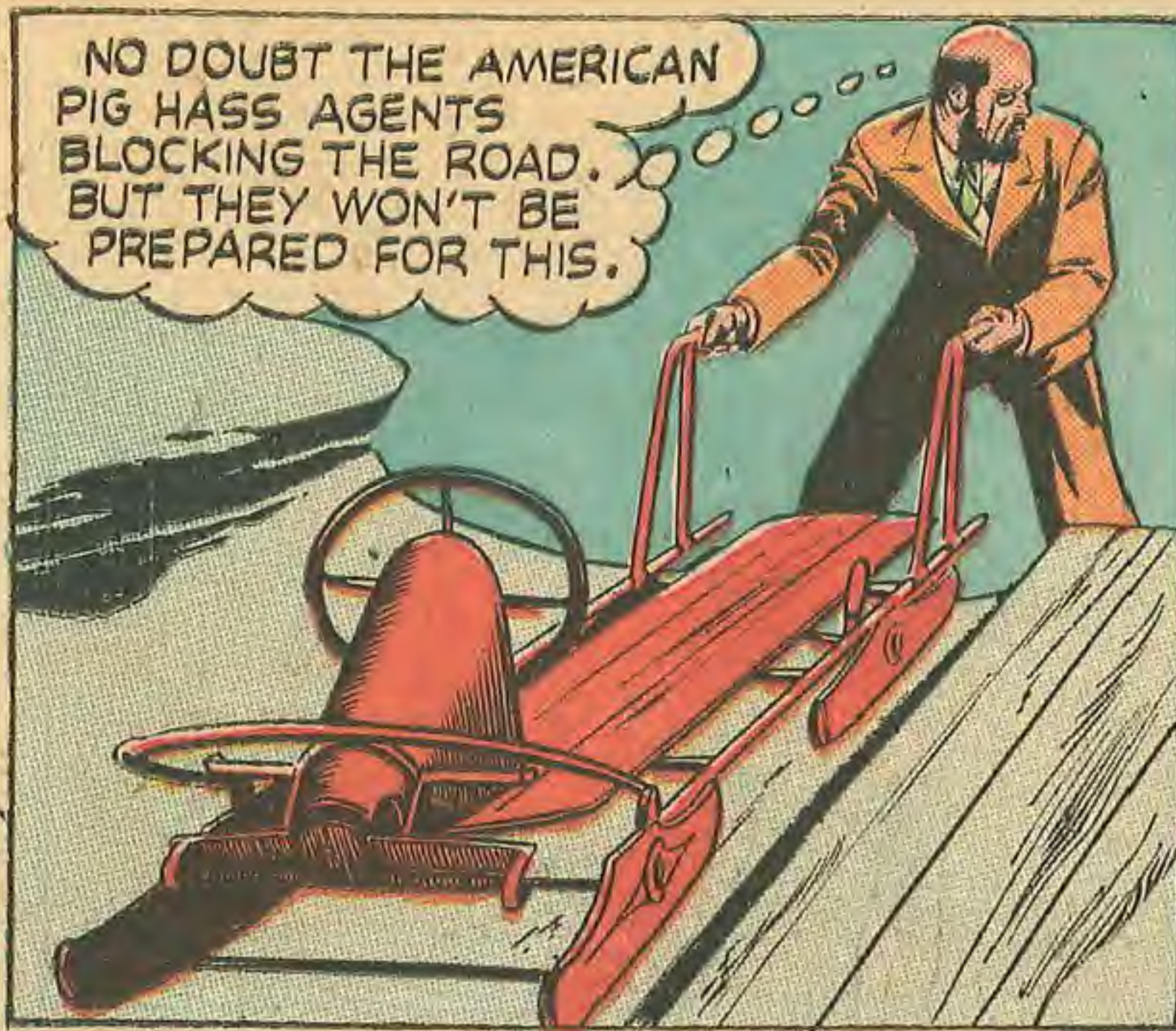


CRACK! CRACK!



MEANWHILE, ZAPPO ESCAPES FROM THE CHALET.







ONE SNOWSLIDE THUNDERS DOWN, CUTTING ACROSS THE COURSE OF THE SPEEDING BOBSLED AND HURLING ZAPPO DOWN TOWARD THE ROAD!



NEED ANY HELP, PAL?

GO AWAY! I AM ALL RIGHT!

URSE! HE ANSWERS TO ZAPPO'S DESCRIPTION! I THINK THAT HORN BLAST MEANT SOMETHING! KING MUST'VE BEEN WARNING US!

LET ME GO, DUMKOPF!

NOPE! NOT UNTIL KING COLE SAYS I SHOULD!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE REALLY HOLDING THE BAG ZAPPO!



LATER...

THE SWISS POLICE HAVE ZAPPO AND HIS GANG IN JAIL. THE JEWELS ARE BEING RETURNED TO THEIR OWNERS.. WHAT NEXT, KING?

NEXT WE SEND A CABLE TO WHIP! A CERTAIN SKEPTICAL MR. SCHMIDT IS IN FOR A SURPRISE!

AND SOON...

YOUR BOSS AND HIS GANG ARE ALL WASHED UP, SCHMIDT! ALL IS KAPUT!

ACH! DOT YOUNG KING COLE! NO VUNDER CRIME DUSSEN'T PAY!

COLE BUSTS SMUGGLING RING!

Trail of Salt



SERGEANT DEEMS stood on the heaving deck of the police cutter *Corsaire* and strained his eyes through the thick fog at the ghostly outlines of an approaching launch.

A sudden gust of wind cleared the fog away from the other's bow, revealing in white letters against a dead black hull, the name "ROVER". The smuggler, thought Deems triumphantly, and turned to nod curtly at the men manning the cutter's .50 caliber machine gun.

The gun swung around, chattered viciously, and a pattern of glowing tracer slugs cut across the smuggler's path.

Bedlam broke loose aboard the launch as the men aboard it scattered. Deems smiled grimly and reached for the megaphone.

"Heave-to in the name of the law," he shouted.

The motor aboard the launch coughed. The craft lost headway and began to wallow helplessly in the harbor swell. Deems signalled the cutter to warp alongside, then left the bridge to take over the boarding party.

Whitey Lewis, heavy-set and swaggering, met them as they boarded his launch.

"Where d'you get off boardin' me?" he said hoarsely. "I got nothin' illegal aboard."

Ignoring Whitey, Deems gave his orders to Corporal Nevins, who was to take charge of the search. Then he turned back to Lewis, his eyes hard.

"I have a man planted aboard the 'Stockholm', Lewis," he said. "He reported that two hours ago you met the ship twelve miles beyond Rocky Point. The ship's steward threw you a package of diamonds, smuggled out of Germany."

"You won't find nothing, Deems," replied Whitey harshly.

A little later Nevins reported to Deems. "It's no go, Sergeant," he said. "All we

could find were a couple of bags of rock salt and you can't arrest a man for that."

"Rock salt, eh?" Deems muttered. For some reason those words struck a responsive chord. Deems pondered for a moment. Then it came to him! He turned to Nevins, smiling.

"We're going to arrest him for just that, Nevins! Put Lewis and his crew in irons."

"But, Sergeant——," Nevins started to protest.

"Do as I say, Nevins," replied Deems. He smiled. "Then come back to the cutter."

Almost five hours later Deems stood by the cutter's big searchlight, his eyes aching from their constant search of the dark water. "I don't get it, Sergeant," said Nevins, as he paced up and down the cutter's narrow deck.

"I don't exactly get it myself, Nevins," Deems replied. "I just have a strong hunch that the rock salt——!" He stopped short and gazed hard at the wooden crate that suddenly bobbed to the surface and was caught within the circle of light. "Grab the boat hook," he shouted. "This it is!"

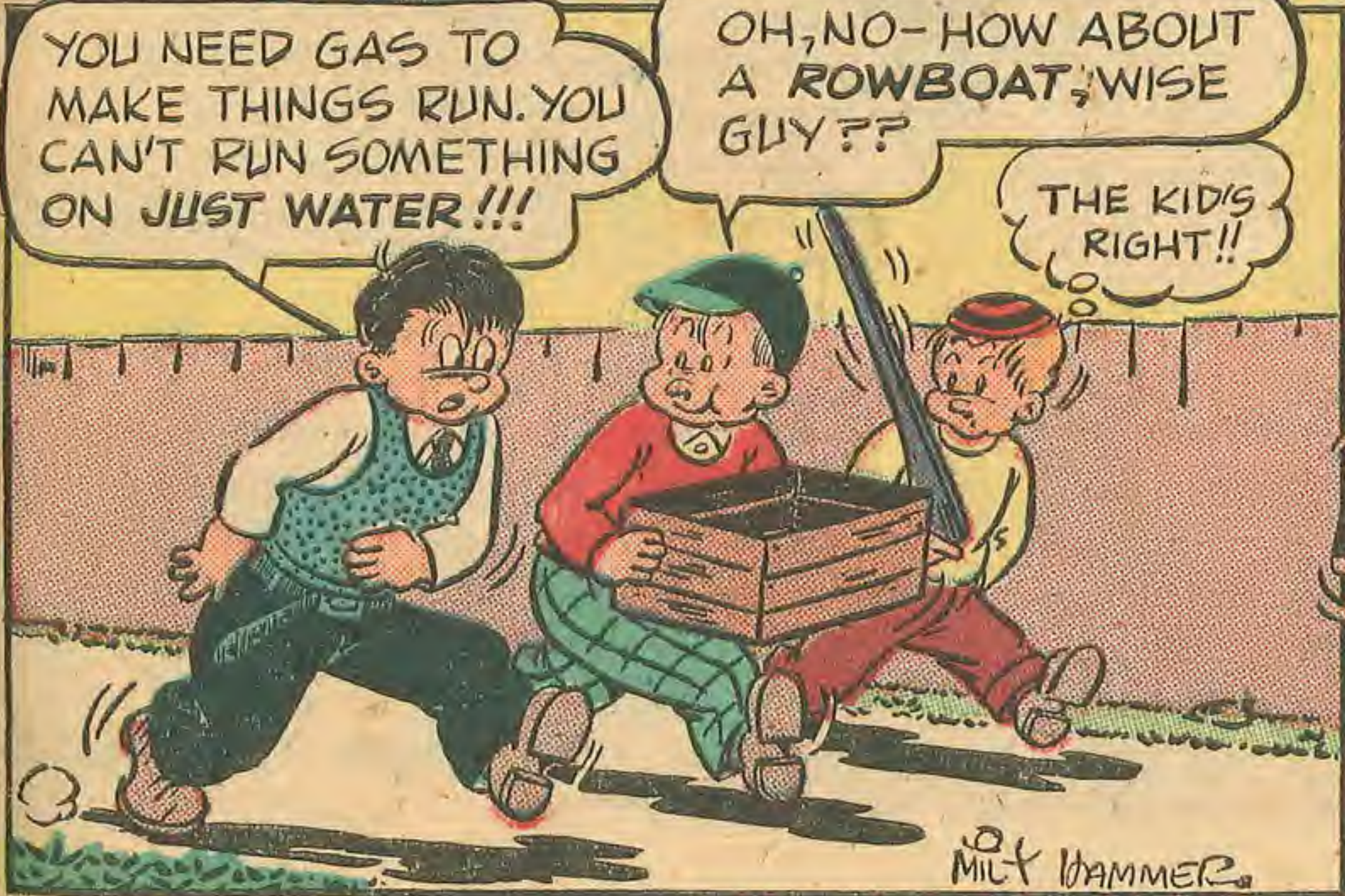
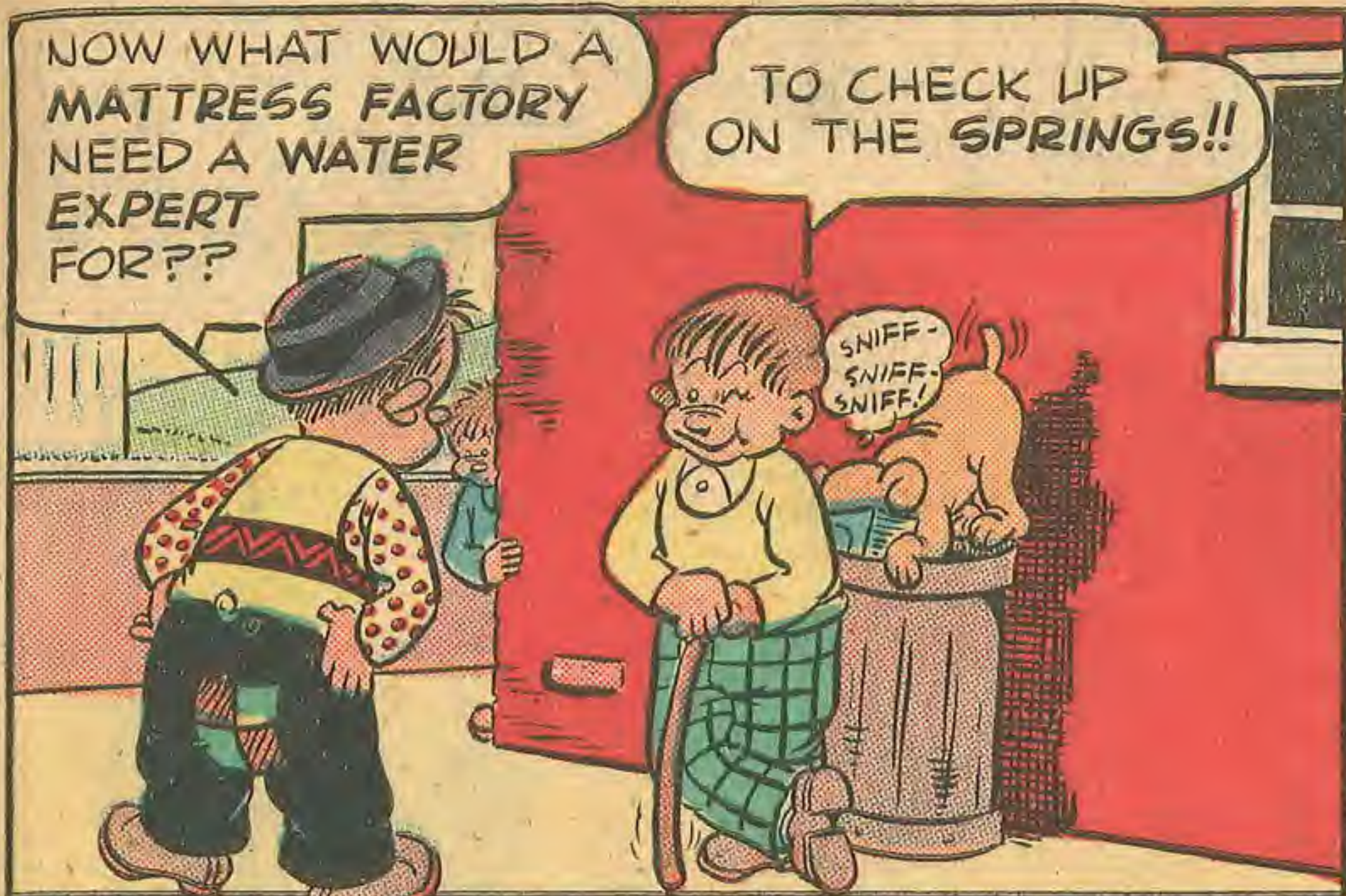
A few minutes later, the box was on deck, its cover wrenched off, and the two policemen were gazing in awe at the heap of glowing jewels which covered the crate's bottom.

"Well, I'll be——" whispered Nevins. "You were right. But, how——?"

"Did I know that Lewis had dumped them overboard when we challenged him? Because of the rock salt you found. There could only be one use for it."

"I get it," said Nevins. "They used it to weight the jewels down."

"Yes," replied Deems. "Knowing that when the salt melted, the crate would rise to the surface." He chuckled. "It would have been a clever trick—if they had gotten away with it!"



AUTO BODY & FENDER REBUILDING

Tired of Working for the Other Fellow?
Be Your Own Boss
 A Big Field for Your Future

Body & Fender Rebuilding is one of the best paid branches of the automobile industry. Go into business for yourself or prepare for good job opportunities. Train at home or in our big shops. Approved for Veterans. (Non-Veterans inquire about our Low Payment Plan and Pay After Graduation Plan.) Send for FREE Booklet and full information. No obligation.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. F 72-10
 1400 W. Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago 26, Ill.

3 in 1 AIR PISTOL

SPORTSMAN JR. - sensational, low-priced air pistol. Ruggedly built, full size target gun shoots either standard BBs, pellets or steel darts. Fast, single-action compression chamber. Single shot; silent shooting. Use indoors or outdoors. Modeled after famous target pistol. Economical to operate. Die cast all metal non-slip moulded grip; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long; 4 1/2-in. deep; full size weighs 15 oz.

Shoots BBs Darts Pellets

No C.O.D. BB's, 3 pkgs. 25c; 177 pellets, 500 for \$1.50; steel darts, 35c package. (Order plenty.) Holster 50c.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B-296 Detroit 7, Mich.

KING ARTHUR WAS A BRAVE WARRIOR. HE USED TO FIGHT MEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES!!

AW-WHAT'S SO BRAVE ABOUT FIGHTING MIDDLE-AGED MEN ???

DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

The
**PINK
ELEPHANT
MURDERS**



CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

WINGATE IS AFRAID
HE'S GOING TO BE
MURDERED JUST AS
HIS VALET WAS.

(SNIFF)! ME
CATCHUM
WILD ANIMAL
SCENT!

AND HE
CLAIMS
HIS VALET
WAS
KILLED BY A
PINK
ELEPHANT!
CRANNY,
HIV.

WILD ANIMAL SCENT?

YES! ANIMALS
SEEN IN HOUSE
SHORT TIME
AGO!

COME
IN!

REPORT TO WINGATE,
ENOLPE, THEN SEARCH THE
HOUSE! ZAN AND I WILL
SEARCH THE GROUNDS!

I'M THE NEW BUTLER,
MR. WINGATE! ER...
ARE YOU ALONE?

YES! THANK
HEAVENS YOU'VE
COME, INSPECTOR
ENOLPE!

WHERE DID
YOU SEE THESE
ODD ANIMALS
AND THE ER...
ELEPHANT?

RIGHT THERE! I
THOUGHT I WAS
GONE MAD UNTIL
HOESON, MY VALET,
SAW THE LITTLE PINK
ELEPHANT, TOO. THEN
WE FOUND HOESON
STABBED OR BORED
TO DEATH AND
BATTERED BEYOND
RECOGNITION!

AND YOU BELIEVE YOU'LL BE KILLED NEXT!
WHO'S STAYING HERE BESIDE YOURSELF?

MY NIECE,
HELEN STEVENS,
LORD POTTER, HER
FIANCE, AND MY
HALF-BROTHER,
MARTIN.

WINGATE'S HALF-BROTHER, MARTIN BLAKE, IS A PSYCHIATRIST! HMM, THAT MAKES MY NOSE ITCH! WHAT'S THAT?

NO! I WON'T ELOPE WITH YOU, PHILLIP!

THEN YOU DON'T LOVE ME, HELEN!



YOU'VE CHANGED, PHILLIP, SINCE YOU CAME BACK FROM YOUR AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP!

LET GO!

WINGATE'S NIECE QUARRELING WITH HER FIANCE!

MY FEELING FOR YOU HASN'T CHANGED, HELEN!



YOU'RE HURTING MY WRIST! LET GO!

YOU THERE! WHO ARE YOU?



WHEN ENOUPÉ COMES TO...

WHEW! DID POTTER CATCH ME OFF GUARD! OW! THE P-PINK ELEPHANT!

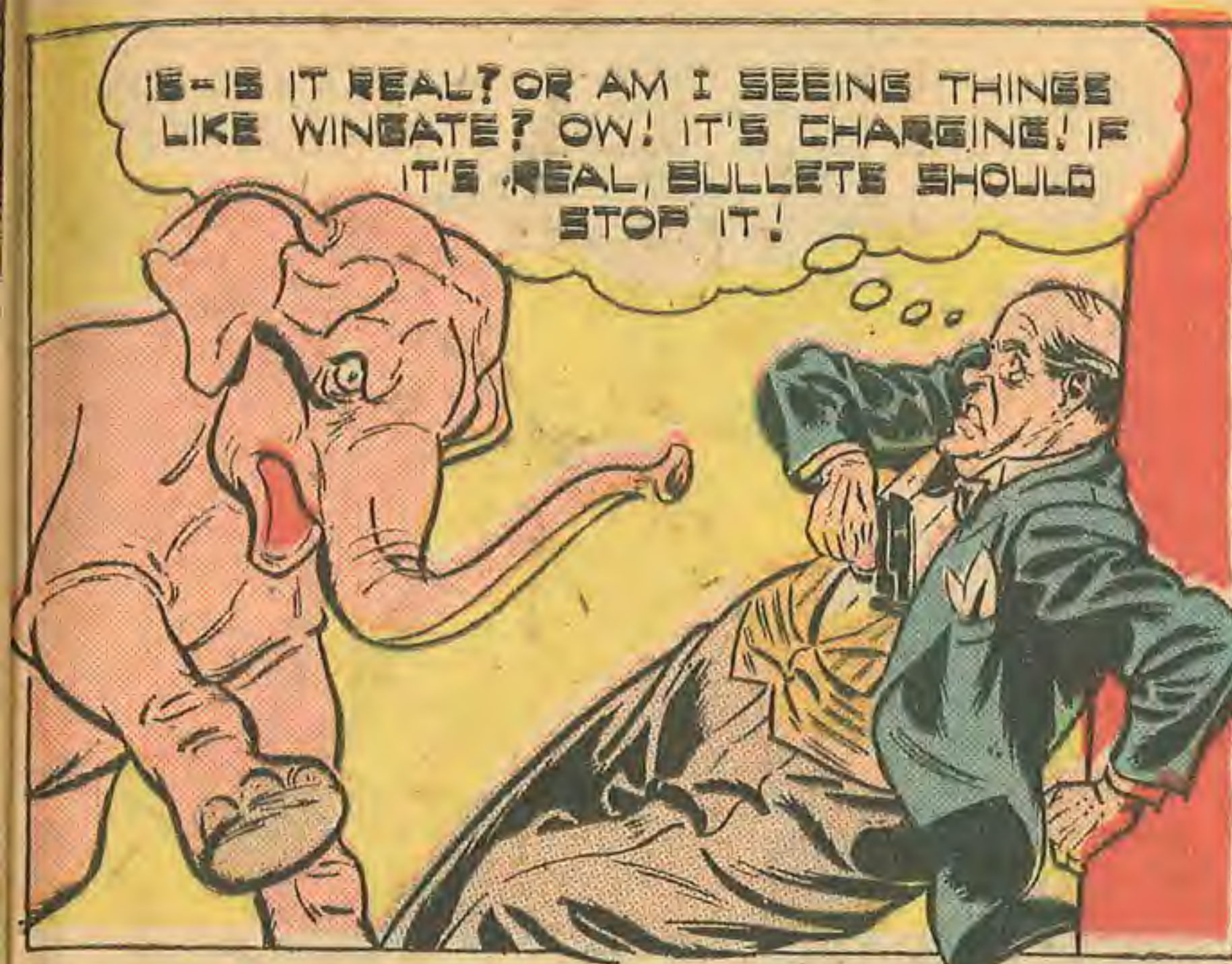
MR. WINGATE'S NEW BUTLER, SIR!

EAVESDROPPER! BY JOVE! THIS MAY SHORTEN YOUR LONG NOSE!

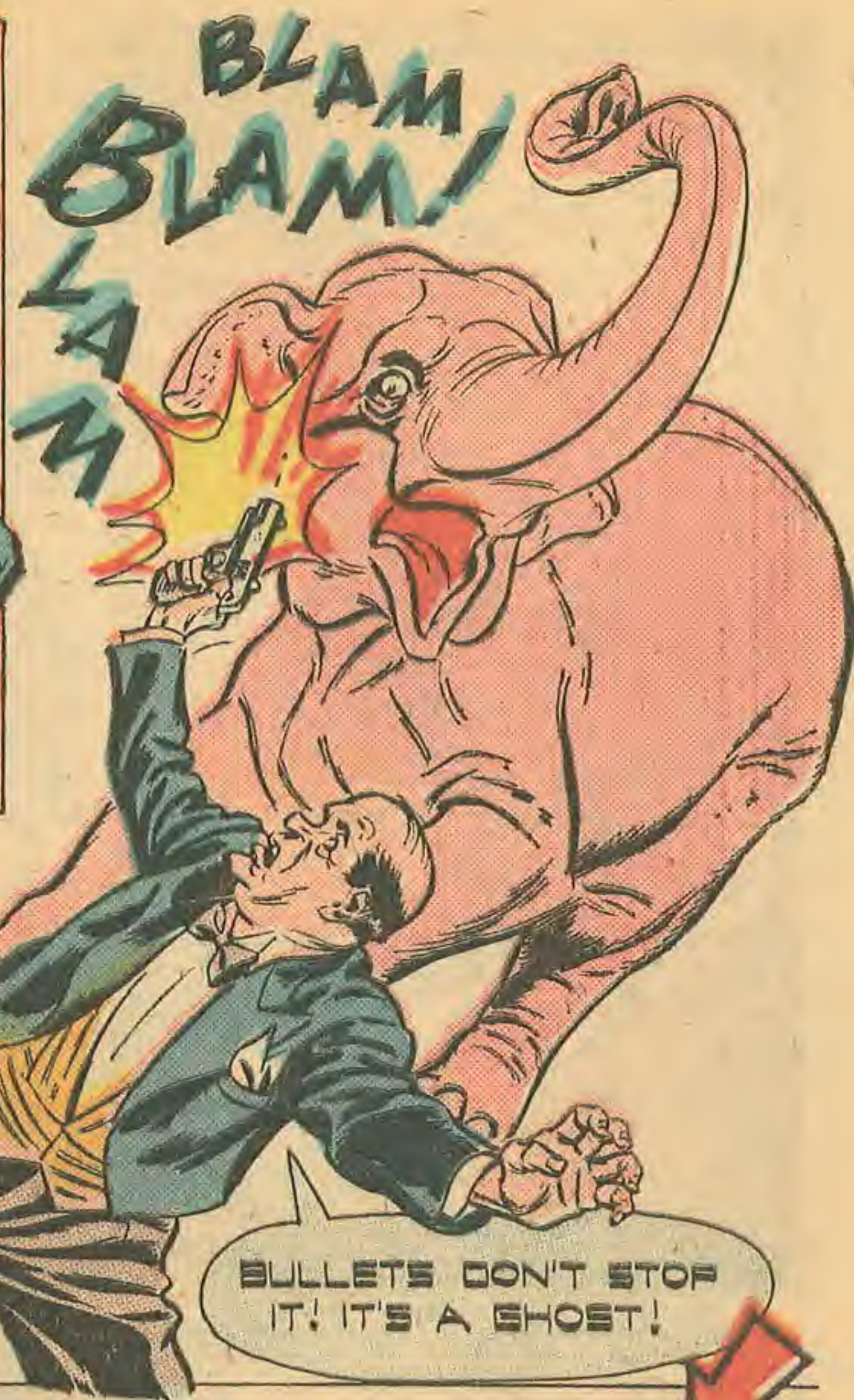
BIFF

BOP





IS-IS IT REAL? OR AM I SEEING THINGS
LIKE WINBATE? OW! IT'S CHARGING! IF
IT'S REAL, BULLETS SHOULD
STOP IT!



BLAM
BLAM!
BLAM!



NO LUCK YET, ZAN!
HELP ME REMOVE
THIS OLD WELL
COVER.

SURE,
WHISPER!

BULLETS DON'T STOP
IT! IT'S A GHOST!



STRONG ANIMAL
SCENT COME FROM
WELL, WHISPER!
OOF!

LOOKING FOR
WILD ANIMALS,
GENTLEMEN? THEY'RE
BELOW... RAVENOUS
ANIMALS!

SUDDENLY WHISPER AND ZAN
ARE PUSHED FROM BEHIND!



LEMME
OUTTA
HERE!

CRASH

See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



NO BROKEN
BONES HERE!
HOW ABOUT
YOU, ZAN?

WHISPER! LOOK!
HYENAS!



STEADY, ZAN!
THE HYENAS MAY
STING! ANIMAL
BROTHERS, LISTEN...
B-Z-ZZZZ!

THEY
EAT
US!



...BZZZZ... SEE THE
THROAT WOUNDS ON
THOSE HYENAS, ZAN?
THEIR VOCAL CORDS
HAVE BEEN CUT!
THEY'RE MUTE!



THE ANIMALS CAN UNDERSTAND
WHISPER'S TALK AND THEY DO
NOT HARM OUR FRIENDS.



LOOK, WHISPER!
DOOR!



DOOR LOCKED FROM OUTSIDE WHISPER! BUT LOCK IS OLD!

ONE-TWO-THREE HEAVE! THERE!



LUCKY THE FALL DIDN'T BREAK THIS FOUNTAIN PEN FLASHLIGHT!

YOU SAID UM!



THE WINE CELLAR! THIS IS HOW THE HYENAS ARE TAKEN INTO THE HOUSE!



...AND I'M SURE THEY WERE DETECTIVES POSING AS SERVANTS!

SO YOU PUSHED THE TWO MEDDLERS DOWN THE WELL? GOOD! THE HYENAS ARE PICKING THEIR BONES BY NOW!



POTTER, THIS HYPO-DERMIC OF DOPE MAKES THE HYENAS HELPLESS AS KITTENS, ESPECIALLY WITH THESE INVISIBLE PIANO WIRE CHOKE LEASHES!

SHUT UP, MARTIN! GET YOUR MASK AND HEAVY GLOVES!



OOOPS, THE PINK PAINT WE PUT ON THE ELEPHANT! BLAST YOU, MARTIN! I'D NEVER SHARE IN YOUR PLOT TO HAVE WINGATE DECLARED INSANE IF I WEREN'T STONE BROKE!



BUT YOU CAN'T GET WINGATE'S FORTUNE BY ELOPING WITH HELEN... SHE WON'T DESERT HER UNCLE!



THESE ANIMALS YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM YOUR AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP'LL DO THE TRICK!

YES! THAT OLD FOOL WINGATE WILL BE IN AN INSTITUTION!



GOING TO LOCK IN BAD MENS WHISPER?



NO, ZAN! WE'LL CATCH THE FIENDISH DEVILS RED-HANDED! COME ON, LET'S FIND ENOUE!

BAD MENS GETTING ANIMALS NOW, EH, WHISPER?



ENOUE! COME
INSIDE! WE'RE GOING
TO HIDE IN
WINGATE'S ROOM
AND CATCH THE
MURDERERS!

WHISPER! I
ALMOST GAVE
UP SEARCHING
FOR YOU! MAY-
BE I'M NUTS! I
SAW THE PINK
ELEPHANT!

THAT ELEPHANT IS NO ILLUSION!
YOU'LL SEE IT AGAIN, ENOUE!

YOU SEE
HYENAS TOO,
ENOUE!

WHAT?



I'LL HIDE BACK
OF YOUR CHAIR, MR.
WINGATE! GET SET
FOR OUR ANIMAL
VISITORS!

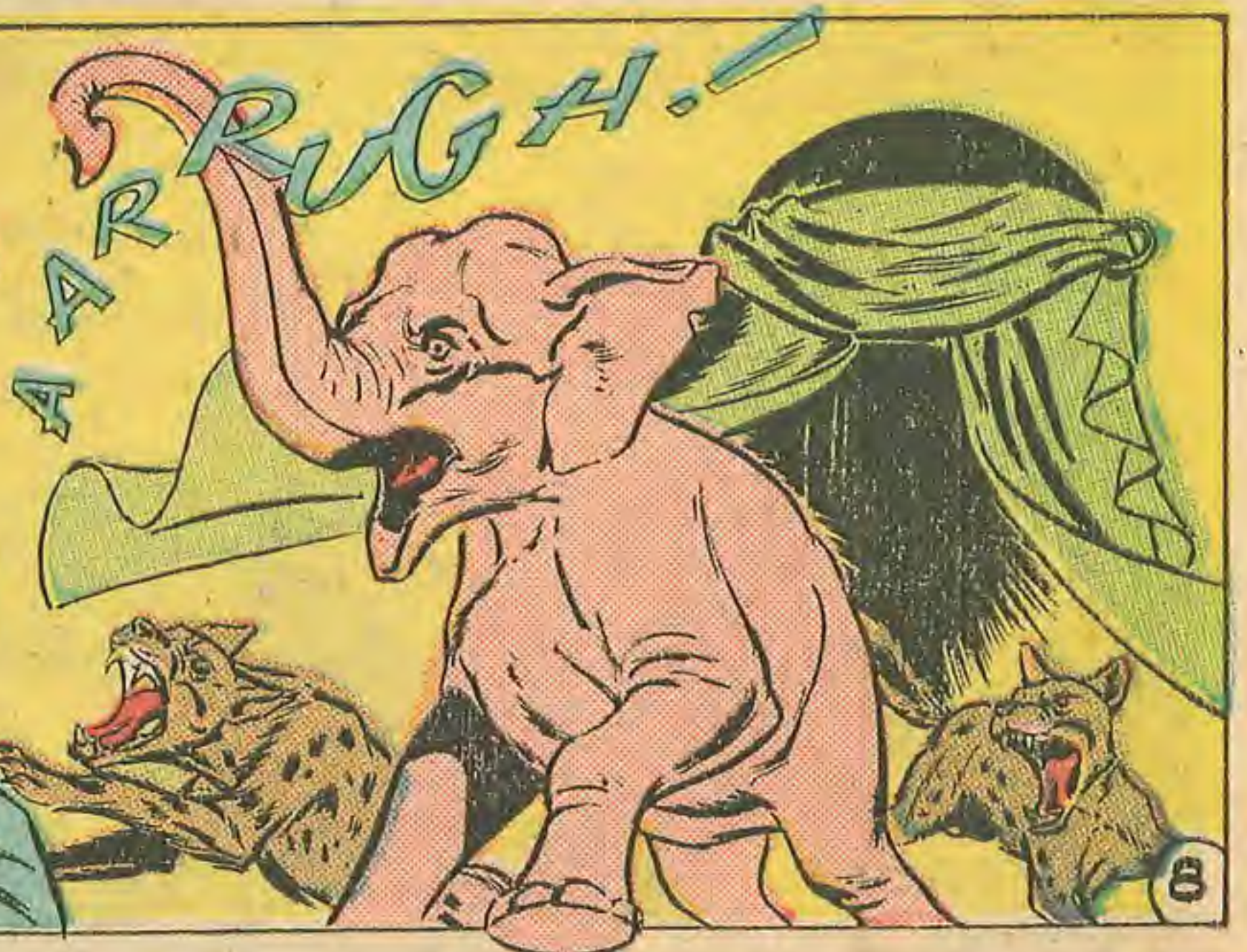
LONG
AS THE
PINK
ELEPHANT ISN'T
A GHOST, I'M
GAME!

RIGHT, ENOUE! AND TWO
MEN WORSE THAN BEASTS!
NOW YOU AND ZAN HIDE
IN THE WINDOW DRAPES
NEAR THE ALCOVE!

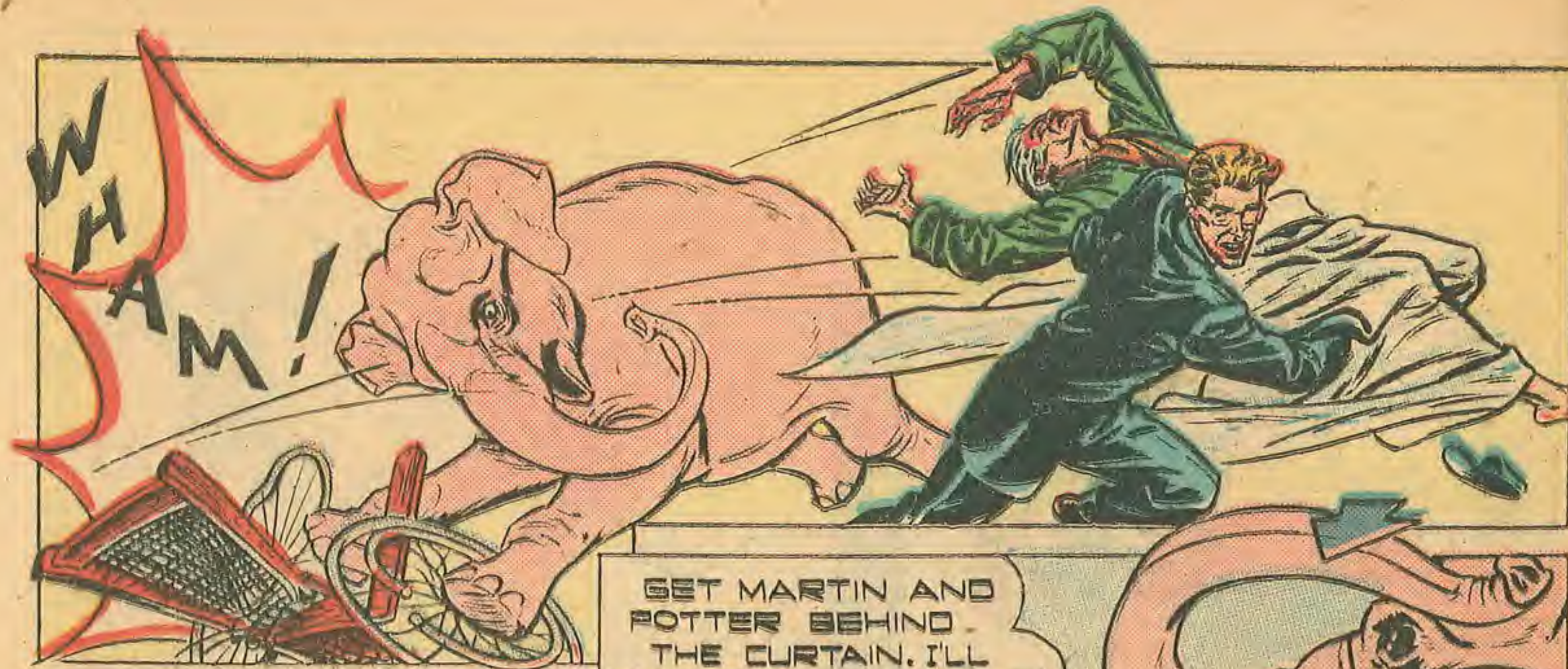


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

QUICK!
DR. DREW!
THE
ELEPHANT,
IT'S CHARGE-
ING ME!
HELP!
HELP!

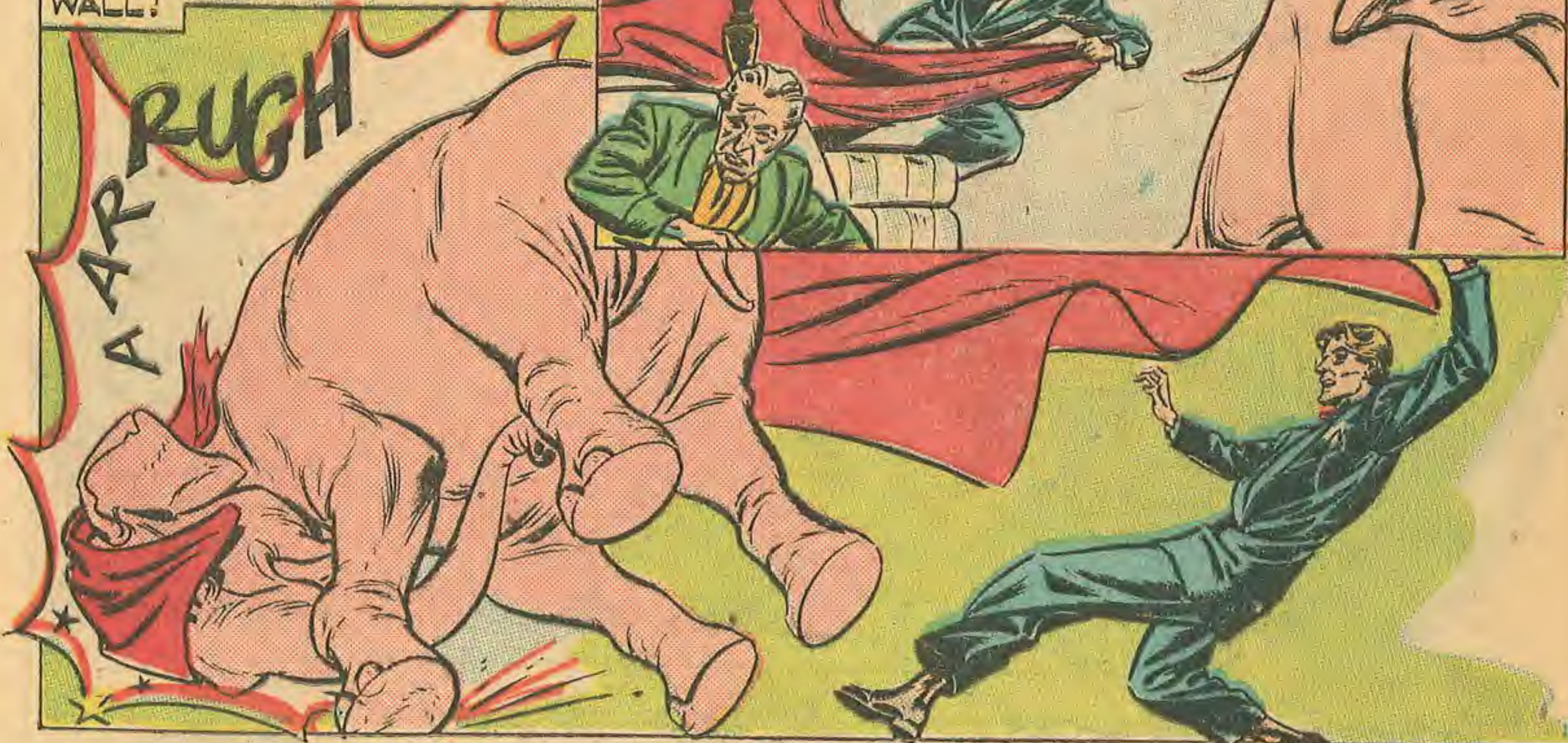


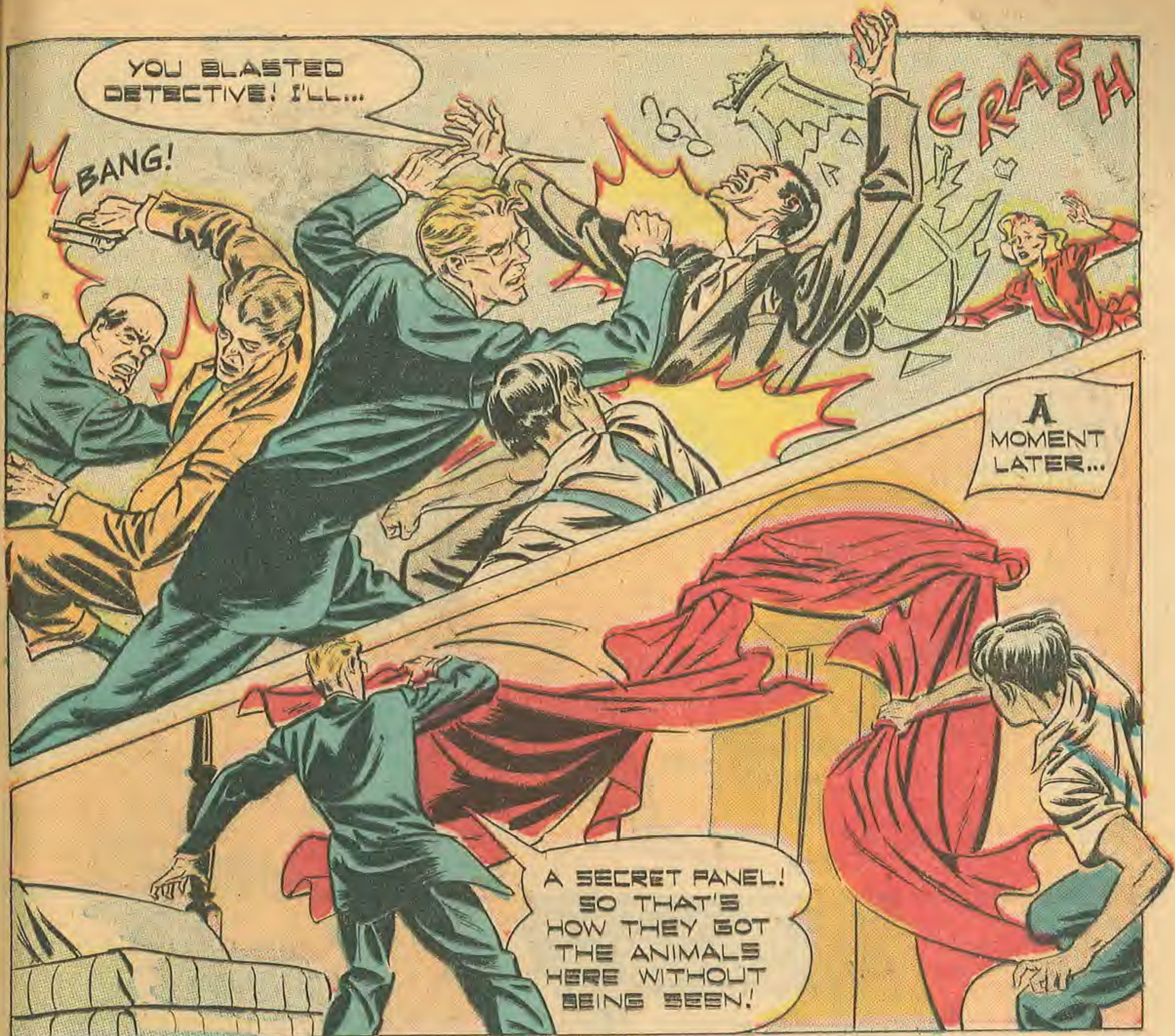
Young King Cole fights crime every month in "CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."



WHISPER STEPS ASIDE AS THE ELEPHANT CHARGES AND THE BIG BEAST KNOCKS ITSELF UNCONSCIOUS AGAINST THE WALL!

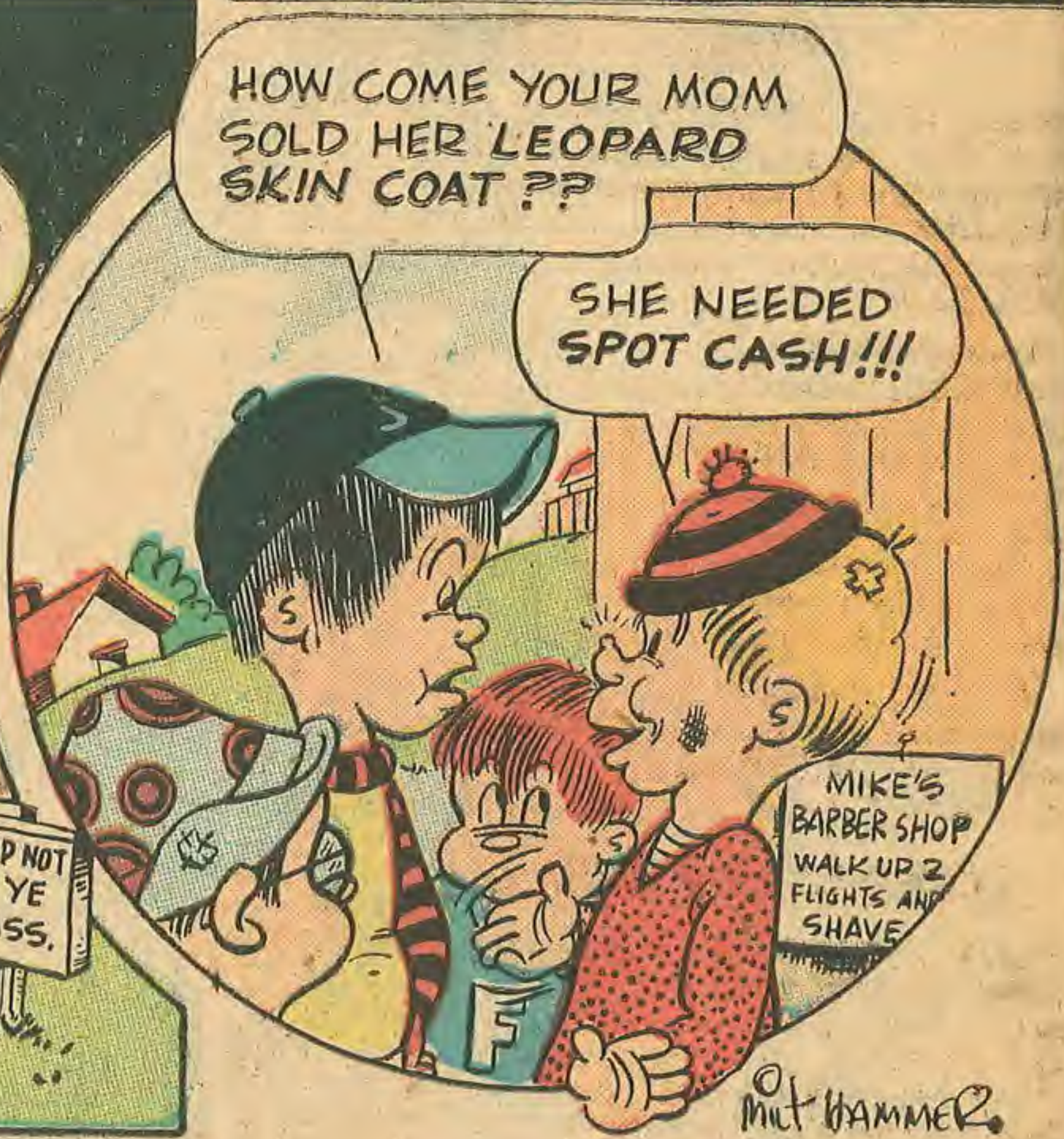
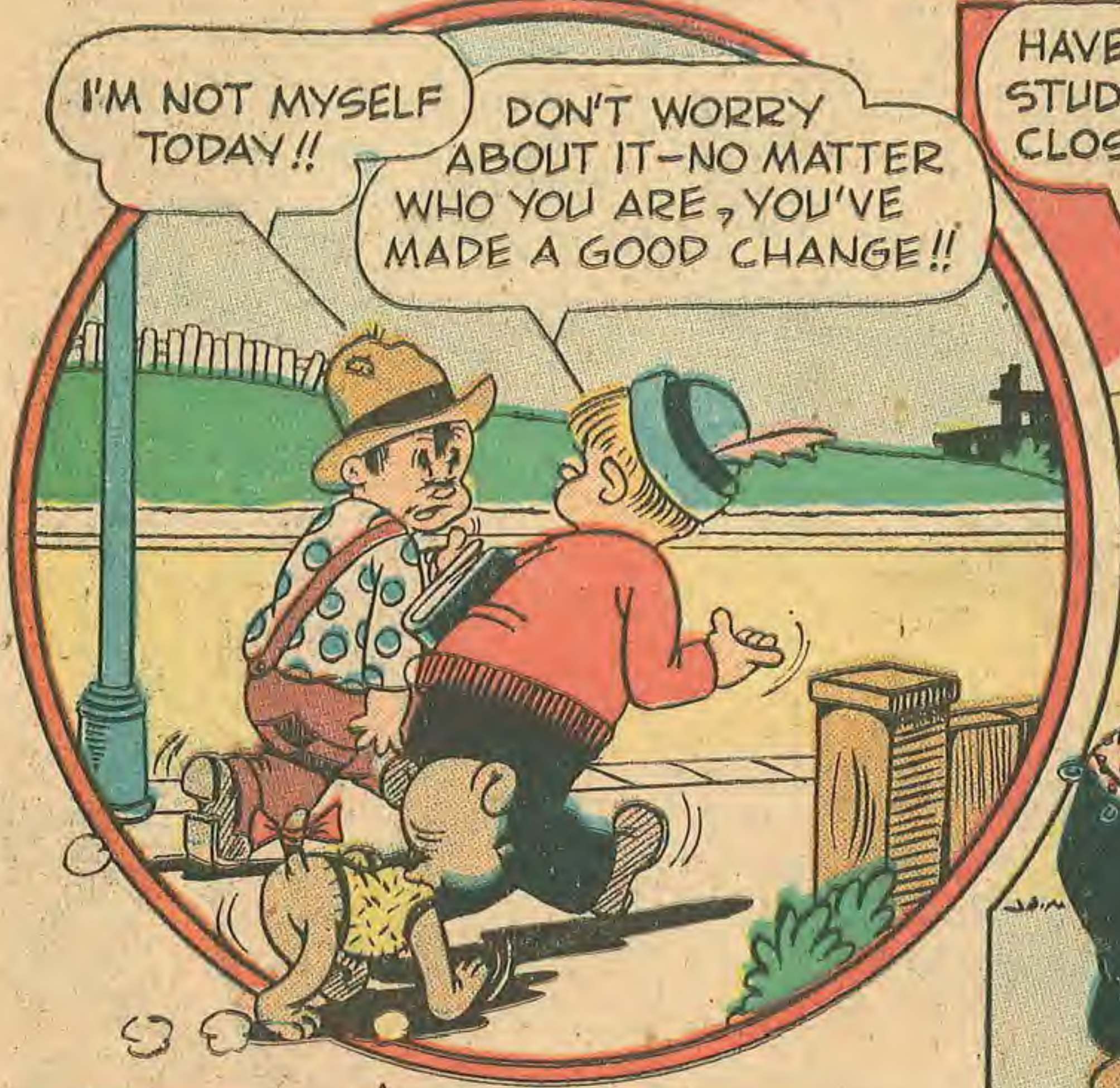
GET MARTIN AND POTTER BEHIND THE CURTAIN. I'LL HANDLE THE ELEPHANT!





No other "crime-fighting magazine" is like "CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."

JOLLY JOKES AND CORN



Milt HAMMER

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "*Dynamic Tension*." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 107K, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title.
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 107K

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NEW Swiss Chalet Whirling Clock

NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!
Here's BEAUTY! Here's ACTION!
Here's the PERFECT
TIMEPIECE!

It's Guaranteed
only \$3.69
2 for \$6.95



Precision
ELECTRIC
CLOCK
is Accurate
and Dependable

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ELECTRIC CLOCK VALUE!

Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc
Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precise electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original, the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of \$3.69 or two for \$6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6 1/4 inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.

You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock

Don't be disappointed! Don't pass up this buy of a lifetime and be sorry afterwards. Rush your order for one or more Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks today while the supply is still available. First come, first served. Just mail your order on the handy coupon below.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 4764
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

- ☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only \$2.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.
- ☐ Send me 2 Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks for the special price of only \$6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

- ☐ Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Rush me _____ clocks @ \$3.69 each plus 20% Federal tax (\$4.43) or two clocks for \$6.95 plus 20% Federal tax (\$8.34).



Colorful
Whirling
Disc
Revolves
Continuously



Native Bird
Adds a
Quaint
Decorative
Touch



Realistic-looking
Beautifully Colored
Pot of Flowers
Adorns Each Side
of Chalet



Ornamental
Deer's
Head
Is Mounted
Over Clock Dial